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The *National Era* is published every Thursday, on the following terms:

Single copy, one year	$2.00
Three copies, one year	5.00
Five copies, one year	8.00
Ten copies, one year	15.00
Single copy, six months	1.00
Five copies, six months	5.00

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THE NATIONAL ERA.

G. BAILEY, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR; JOHN G. WHITTIER, CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

VOL. XIII. WASHINGTON, D. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1859. No. 670.

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Ten cents a line for the *first* insertion, *five* cents a line for each subsequent one. Ten words constitute a line. Payment in advance is invariably required.

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G. BAILEY, *Washington, D. C.*

WASHINGTON, D. C.

For the National Era.

SPANISH FRIARS PRACTICING HAIL COLUMBIA.

BY D. R. C.

One scorching day along the Tajo.
Not many leagues from Talavera,
More flushed than Michael, when Iago
Played wit sweet the subtle snarer,
Though not from dark eyes winsome flashing
Nor memories of the Alameda,
To the swift river's sullen plashing,
I trudged, a dusty promenader.

I s e you smile; so, I protest,
I'll blurt the truth without evasion:
Some Madrid friends had just impress
My pistoles with pavement persuasion—
I don't mean those I once had, sifted,
Admired by Sancho, maleficer—
May pages of conscience never be stifled!
In that perfidious Mercian here!

But coins, that people lose at mount,
Whether they will, sometimes, or no;
Leaving accounts, wh rein the *contra*,
Is such they promptly will bestow,
With blessings on the beggar-man;
And filled with generous ecstasy,
Of all our transports still the dearest,
Lose sight though sinners they be.

And thus it was, and not for pleasure,
Pinkes (by the peaks of Guadalupe,
I swear that joy's destran measure),
With forces muscular to troop.
Mine was the Gallic conscript's story,
The kernel had nonesis me drawing;
His march, you know, is first for glory,
And then—because there's no escaping.

Collapsed for lack of the quotidian
Garlicky stew I long had fed on,
I hailed the shadow, of memory,
Some gashed pork trees the highway shed on;
Watching the hot air outside dancing,
I soon forgot all earthly comfort;
A rabbit-ten soon was practicing
All glorious, in the land of slumber.

The sun his seaward rays had slanted,
When sounds unwont my senses stirred;
Not such as are of groves enchanted,
By poets in their amen heard;
Nor such as Fyhle's organ charmed,
Nor yet the spheral harmonies,
Nor Orphean strains, that Hell enamored,
Nor pastoral plaints on ai, hing breeze.

Nor symphony, that gently ended,
Each morn, the sleep of young *Moustaine*,
Nor ecstasy, with pathos blended
What time in city streets complain,
Of hot June midnights, you'ds forlorner
Than phases that mar the Stygian shore,
Unheeded, save that at the corner,
A rapt policeman calls for more.

Ragged they came from friars, seated
Around a flask of moscatel;
As each the fruity beverage quaffed
To timid, that wave-like, ne'er quell,
Till the symphonic suspension,
That pulp-born sigh, the bacchic hiss,
Outgushing in its exclamation—
Each lowlier, Ah! what a world it is.

Three friars, so differently moulded
By Nature, freakish or severe,
The germs of ugliness unfolded,
In ruby radiance blossomed here.
Grinly a giant was Brother Jose,
Gammer and grivlier Isidore,
With countenance demure and dozy,
And quavering voice cracked o'er and o'er.

Jose's sup-rilious monkish matter,
Spun out in reaches of dimension,
Apprehended his comrade's stature,
Had, with a little gentle tension,
Produced the average longitude
That boys aspire to, ere they cherish
Those promptings of the amorous mood,
To Rose and raptures, or—to perish.

But Vincent, hearty, chuntering, laughing,
With dimpled chin dened in his eye,
Is prepared him, he thought, from quaffing,
Shook, sympathetic, a reply.
Greasy content and brisk digestion
Encircled within his girth's measure,
Which, in contrast by quite a question,
Bulged bravely on the evening scure.

Nor yet omplete the frescoed picture;
Asthmatic moderance, Isidore,
Of nose a scarlet and a stature,
Drew, absent, from a warped gutter;
And Jose sing a unique air,
To all his instrumental angle,
Twas like a mortrer's rapid tear,
Mingled in the creaking of a mangle.

Here makes a spring the cat-like corper
Upon the mouse incarcerated;
(By odds, Pompous still is sharper
Than all his critical relations.)
And, "Why the dickens, sir, did you tarry
Yer hunting and Nero?" demanded he, grimly;
Which, I, poor I, but meekly parry
With, "Sir, I hadn't bit the simple."

To say the strain that Jose warbled,
By Jose rendered, was lugubrious,
Were merciful description, garbled
In sheer good nature, more than dubious.
In English here, yet no old ballad
By minstrel harped, paid of Northumbria;
Story of patriot graves bedewed;
It was—ye crews! "Hail Columbia."

It, into slow Castilian blended,
Lagg'd on the ear's sense of Jose's chant,
In naive lazing, that exceeded
Slumbering of sunniest mendicant.
This Hail Columbia, now, you was she?
"A heathen goddess," Jose thought her.
"Not so, not so," urged Vincent briskly,
"She was a holy female martyr."

"A happy land! dwell filler, Jose!
Don't think your voice, but tell it hower;
As a-cent, *Dios Gracias!* say;
It is a happy land all over!"
"I've heard," continued Vincent, musing—
Capt-ering a concerto fleck the while—
"Ever-thing that's sacred to yourselves
Was blessings in the Roman style."

Vincent, they're heretics; Dolores
Told me 'tis said in the "*Gaceta*"—
"*Silent o'* that queen's idle stories,
A flippant, humorsat, gadding prater,
With Civil-training zeal respleddent,
The ancient plan they have needed,
The gospel prize too much to send it
To dusky Congoes, unconverted,

To fall by heterodox impugning,
But crisp them first in durance classical,
A mesh of grace termed bar-accusing,
Then wave the Pagans into the Grace!
Scriptures? What texts benign they marshal
To sanctify the war they wage?
I hardly know, but believe they're partial
To what they call "the middle passage."

"Hah! Have they colleges and mission,
With Fathers, Visents, Jesuits of notion,
To turn th' infidels to Christians,
Pursuant of their blessed function?
For wooly-headed heathen? *Gracias!*
I hold in weakness in admiration,
Coil—*fuera!* reoollect their color!
No! by the gridiron of Saint Lawrence!

"Yet, Hail Columbian zeal enhancing,
A holy zeal that fears no trial;
Hateful of wickedness like dancing,
Stands, fond of virtues, yet—denial;
Although the Pagans, unperfected,
Plague sore the saints who consecrate them,
These, still untired, by heaven directed,
Patientia proselytize., await them.

"And then to godliness subduing,
Their nature's recusant and rude,
Quenched the old Adam past renewing,
The vacuum fill with spiritual food.
At last, when saintly saturation
Has done its work, nor left a blot on,
The convarts prove, by spi relation,
Th' emblem of purity, the cotton."

By Saint Ignacio, that seems pious!"
Was Jose's fervent exclamation;
"May Satan never more defy us!"
Chimed Isidore, in attestation.
Then o'er the tuneless chants he wandered—
A holier rage informed his action;
Jose the new Evangel pondered,
And drained the flask in transe'd abstraction.

Philadelphia, Pa.

For the National Era.

A PALACE IN GENOA.

BY EDWARD SPENCER.

II—Continued.

"Well, now listen carefully. I want a place where I can conceal myself safely until I can get out out of the country, which I may not be able to do for three or four days or a week, possibly. Can you assist me in finding such a place? You can help me very much in that way, since no one will ever suspect you of being my agent."

"Fac!" said George, scratching his head in profound thought. "You wants to go 'way in a ship, I reck'n."

"Yes."

"And till you finds de right one, you wants to lay low, kinder, so as de police 'll never ketch you?"

"Exactly."

"Ki! who you think 'd look for you for what I'm a gwine to stow you 'way? Told you I knowed de right kind o' help."

"How do you mean, George?"

"Why, marster, you see, I'm got it all drawn up, like sea cap'n's big chart, and it's plain sailin'. My old woman, she keeps an eister-cellar over thar' on the rivah—way up town, in alley back of a lumber yard. She keeps it for de canawlers and steamboat hands, and I is 'prietor—tends de bar o' nights mostly. You know what kind a place 'tis, mostly collud persons usiu' thar', but sometimes a gentleman gets drunk about in de neighbo'hood, and comes down for more liquor; sometimes ship cap'ns too, jest home, on a bender. So you kin go in widout people sayin' much 'bout it. Well, that thar's gist what you want. You hide your watch, mind, get your clothes dirty, your neck-handkercher all crocked an' undone, an' your hat smashed in, jest like as if you was on a big drunk—then you cut cross lots, through the lumber yard, like you is lost your way you know, and come down into the shop. Thar' you order all sorts of eisters at onst, play very drunk a little while, and go to sleep in a chear. After that I fix all the rest, sir. It's not pleasant for you, marster, but them police is very sharp, and some nigger loafers about my place mout take into thar' heads to smell a rat.

"I know, George. Where is the place? I will go with you, and trust you in everything—and you shall not lose by it."

"You only trust me, and I make de right kind of offing"—said George, confidently. Then he suggested the expediency of dismissing the hack and pursuing their way on foot. As Mr. Lloyd was about to comply, George pulled out a greasy pocket-book, and began opening it, carefully avoiding to look at the banker, fumbling with his handkerchief in evident embarrassment. At last he drew a note out, and held it out to Mr. Lloyd, saying, "marster, it'll look best for *you* to pay de hack kiere, you know—in case you isn't got any change about you."

"My God!" said Mr. Lloyd, with vivid emotion, "what have I done to deserve this friend! No, George, put it up. I deceived you, my noble fellow. I have plenty of money about me for my own wants, and enough to reward your services—though I can never repay your kindness."

George looked much disappointed. Undoubtedly he had expected to discharge his debt to Mr. Lloyd by providing for him in every way, and this discovery that he was not actually into my place of business without a strivin' to aggravate me, an' make a disturbance, I doesn't want none of yer comp'ny, now. Dat's all."

Mr. Tipsico and his associates, declaring themselves aggrieved, said that they were not anxious to remain in "de ole one-foss crib," and took their leave with great dignity. This was what George wanted. He told Mr. Lloyd that he would soon be able to take him where he could have quiet, and then passed into the kitchen, to explain matters to his wife, leaving the banker to his own reflections upon the part he was playing. We do not envy them, nor will the reader be apt to do so.

"Soon as it gits a little later, sir," said George, returning from his colloquy with the old woman, "whom he had much ado to prevent from melting into fat grief, "we'll put you in the big room up sta'rs, and say you're gone for good. It's mighty onpleasant, I know, but keep up a little longer. Act stupid drunk. Some of dese people's mighty curious, sometimes."

In a few minutes Mr. Lloyd heard a great row in the rear of the shop, and a colored girl came hastily out, followed by George, both talking very loudly.

George. "You black huzzy! you go an' steal my best Sunday han'kercher, will you?"

Girl. "Didn' do no sech thing, you know I didn', now."

George. "I smash you over de monf, if you lie to me dat way. You been stealin' ever since you been in dis house, an' I aint goin' to put up wid it. You got to go."

Girl. "Never stole nothin', s' help me, Gol."

George. "Well, den, I send for p'leceeman, an' s'arch your chist—you got dat han'kercher, I know you is."

Girl (crying.) "Shan't s'arch my chist, no how. I aint got noo o' yer han'kerchers, you knows wery well I isn't."

George (slightly mollified.) "Well, you're got to go, any how, so pack up. I ain't a goin' to have nobody 'bout my place what I suspicions of stealin'. Git out yer bonnet an' shawl now, I'll pay yer wages, and you kin walk—hurry up."

After she was gone, Mr. Lloyd said:

"George, do not be too harsh with her; she is ignorant, and perhaps it is only her first offence."

But the sad pathos and stricken shame of these words was lost entirely upon George, who laughed loud.

"Ya, hah!" said he, drawing a striped handanna from his pocket, "she ain't stole it, bless you soul, though she have been a stealin' somethin', I reck'n, 'cause she didn't want her chist s'arched. That ar was a dodge of mine to git rid of her. 'cause she's got an uncommon long tougue, even for a gal, an' it wouldn't do to have her about de house while you is here. I'll give her two shillings, some o' dese days, an' that 'ill make it all right wid her, same as if I'd told her she was an angel."

Indeed, throughout the whole of this eventful evening, George showed himself as full of resources as the veritable Figaro, or one of Le Sage's Spanish valets. To "clar de kitchen," he sent Mr. Tipsico, a slipper of a man, through the lumber-yard, and raised a vehement alarm of fire, which was effective in causing the whole alley to be deprived of its occupants. Under cover of this *coup de main*, George popped his master into a hogshead of lime prepared for him, assuring him that he could now make every one believe that the stranger was gone away. The banker followed his faithful friend up a narrow stair-way, into a neat room on the second floor, which, though narrow and small, and poorly furnished, was most scrupulously clean.

"Our best room, sir; we don't have no use for it as a bed room, and only sometimes for people when they want private eister parties. The old woman put her best sheets on de bed, what her old mistis give her long ago—rael white folkses sheets and kiver. De place is not good enough for you, sir, but 'deed it's de wery best we's got. Now, sir, you have somethin' to eat up hyar? De old woman is de elegantest cook I ever see. She war brung up in one of de first families in Virginy—thirty times you have? Sposin' I was to bring you up a nice beefsteak an' coffee?"

"No, thank you, George. I want nothing just now—nothing but rest, for I am very weary, and very sick at heart. Come to me at week, and I think I can sleep here—I know I can lie down here without any danger, in perfect confidence, George, and, if you will believe me, with renewed hope—for, when in the depth of my despair, God has provided me to find such a friend as you—what may not be his purposes towards me—thank you, George, and thank your wife for providing me such a nice bed."

And, flinging himself down in complete exhaustion, this gentleman of the house of Lloyds, this mighty banker, fresh from his dainty apartments in the St. Bobolink, slept well and soundly under the humble negro's roof, feeling that it was the roof of a friend, and a sanctuary for him. So slept ancient Pompey in his fisherman's hut, after Pharsalia. When Actium's sea-fight was over, great Antonius pillowed his shamebathed head upon Cleopatra's bosom. Did *he* sleep?

George's child became suddenly ill, it was reported, and the shop had to be closed, for fear she should be disturbed. So the tempest-driven, foundering bark found a moment's safe haven, a moment's anchorage, at the mouth of a river, whose source is Death. If she sets sail again, jury masts rigged, will she ever come more into such placid waters? Never—until another river receives her—a river whose turnings are dismal, sluggish waters, no plummet has ever sounded, no anchor touched in—the banker river whose name is Styx. A far different river, that, from the forbidden stream beyond Beulah—John Bunyan's river Jordan.

Never was man more kindly treated than Mr. Lloyd during the three days of his somewhat dreary sojourn in George's house. And this concealment was the most complete that it was possible for him to effect; and he needed it, for the hue and cry was terrible. It was also very easy for him, with his immense resources, to make the requisite preparations for his flight and final safety. George was a man of versatile talents, a perfect Crichton in his way, and had, as we have said, followed many occupations—among others, that of attorney's clerk. From this he gained the knowledge thus obtained, he was able to put Mr. Lloyd in communication with a captain, who, for a sufficient consideration, engaged to take him to Spain, via Liverpool, in which latter city the banker wished to stop to secure an English passport, and convert into available funds the large exchanges and securities which he had in his possession.

George had also, in early life, served an apprenticeship in the art tonsorial, and hence had many accomplishments from which he derived a wonderful disguise. From his wardrobe, he selected one of these, who was of a theatrical turn, and furnished masquerade apparel, he obtained a wig, a false beard, and a disguise in character, which our colored friend felt so sure he could sustain, that he gave the banker assume, making here and there an alteration until it was artistically perfect; and the stately Beale Lloyd was converted into a valetudinarian of seventy years, whose skin was wrinkled by a diseased liver, and whose legs confessed, with a halt, more than one painful visit from that fierce enemy of the *Epicuri gregis*—gout. He was to affect an accent also, and to personate a French gentleman, who, from ill health, was by to the Mediterranean, in search of health.

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"Marster," said he, going out of the room, and returning almost instantly again, "that ar is a mort o' money, and I reckin' but a poor collured man. Answer me one word—what'd you do, sooner'n be ketched?"

"I'd rather die by my own hand, George—ten thousand times rather—now that I have read how men judge of me."

"I thought that ar was your sentiments, Mr. Lloyd—so, ef de money *should* put de devil inter me, and make me forgit 'at I ever had a daddy, or mummy, or a giniteel raisin', or a wife 'ats been good to me, an' a friend like you in 'stress, or a soul for to go to glory—an' ef I *should* turn nose, an' *should* come to de 'clusion to sell dat ar soul to de devil for to be sunk in de bottomless pits of hell, what' dere is weepin' an' wailin' an' gritin' o' teeth—den, I reck'n you'd like to die, and pisen me an' my house an' my wife an' chile wid you innocent blood."

So saying, he placed a small, flat mahogany box, in Mr. Lloyd's hands. The latter, after gazing at George with wonder at the wild enthusiasm and fierce rapidity with which he spoke, with a quiver of indescribable emotions at recognition of his noble generosity and the rare refinement of his soul, at last opened the box in his hands, and found, surrounded by all the necessary appurtenances and equipments, a handsome pair of pistols! He looked quickly at George, and then turned his head away, but not so quickly as to conceal the tears that would come up into his eyes.

"Them is rael Derringers, marster. They was give to me in Cuby by Cap'n Spruce, when I sailed wid him. Ef I hadn't he took de fever in Matanzes, an' all hands runned away 'cept me. He give 'em to me jest 'fore he died, 'cause I nussed him, he said, an' them was all he had to give. They shoots splendid, sir. Hit a two-shillin' wid 'em at fifty paces. Now, you load 'em for youself, marster, an' put 'em under you pillow; an' ef you is betrayed, you'll have one ball for me, you know, an' tother for yourself."

All moved to his inmost soul, Mr. Lloyd extended his hand to George, gave him a grip full of all that free-masonry of confidence which cannot be simulated, and, as soon as he could trust himself to speak, slipped out. "Why look you, George, do you fancy I do not trust you—do you think I have not looked into your noble heart, and read all its flawless honesty? My friend, were the reward an hundred fold what it is, I should trust you scrupulously to-night. I should rely upon you just as implicitly as I do now. Trust you! Ah, George, had I met and known men such as you are, in *my* world, I would not have been what Beale Lloyd is now. Come, drop that—sit down here, George, and I will show you how much I trust you, my friend;" and, forcing the negro to take a chair, he seated himself at the little table whereon were his writing materials, and drew out a large pocket-book from an inside pocket. "See here," said he; "these are notes and bills of exchange worth more than ten thousand dollars. Ah, you open your eyes; you did not think I was so rich! It is a cursed wealth, indeed, George, that I would willingly fling away, if with it I could fling off the damned load at my heart. And here are securities which, once in England, I can convert into money—thirty times the value of these notes. I am rich, you see—yet how poor. Oh, my God, George, there is not a rag-picker who drags his weary feet about this city, and starves upon his crust a day, but is infinitely happier than I am. Come, we will not think of it. I will put these into two packages; something might happen—some accident—and then it would be of no use to me; you must keep it all for me, and if I am taken, you must take the other to Paris and to a friend as you—what may not be his purposes towards me—thank you, George, and thank your wife for providing me such a nice bed."

And, flinging himself down in complete exhaustion, this gentleman of the house of Lloyds, this mighty banker, fresh from his dainty apartments in the St. Bobolink, slept well and soundly under the humble negro's roof, feeling that it was the roof of a friend, and a sanctuary for him. So slept ancient Pompey in his fisherman's hut, after Pharsalia. When Actium's sea-fight was over, great Antonius pillowed his shame-bathed head upon Cleopatra's bosom. Did *he* sleep?

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All moved to his inmost soul, Mr. Lloyd extended his hand to George, gave him a grip full of all that free-masonry of confidence which cannot be simulated, and, as soon as he could trust himself to speak, slipped out. "Why look you, George, do you fancy I do not trust you—do you think I have not looked into your noble heart, and read all its flawless honesty? My friend, were the reward an hundred fold what it is, I should trust you scrupulously to-night. I should rely upon you just as implicitly as I do now. Trust you! Ah, George, had I met and known men such as you are, in *my* world, I would not have been what Beale Lloyd is now. Come, drop that—sit down here, George, and I will show you how much I trust you, my friend;" and, forcing the negro to take a chair, he seated himself at the little table whereon were his writing materials, and drew out a large pocket-book from an inside pocket. "See here," said he; "these are notes and bills of exchange worth more than ten thousand dollars. Ah, you open your eyes; you did not think I was so rich! It is a cursed wealth, indeed, George, that I would willingly fling away, if with it I could fling off the damned load at my heart. And here are securities which, once in England, I can convert into money—thirty times the value of these notes. I am rich, you see—yet how poor. Oh, my God, George, there is not a rag-picker who drags his weary feet about this city, and starves upon his crust a day, but is infinitely happier than I am. Come, we will not think of it. I will put these into two packages; something might happen—some accident—and then it would be of no use to me; you must keep it all for me, and if I am—am taken, you must take the other to Paris and to a friend as you—what may not be his purposes towards me—thank you, George, and thank your wife for providing me such a nice bed."

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Never was man more kindly treated than Mr. Lloyd during the three days of his somewhat dreary sojourn in George's house. And this concealment was the most complete that it was possible for him to effect; and he needed it, for the hue and cry was terrible. It was also very easy for him, with his immense resources, to make the requisite preparations for his flight and final safety. George was a man of versatile talents, a perfect Crichton in his way, and had, as we have said, followed many occupations—among others, that of attorney's clerk. From this he gained the knowledge thus obtained, he was able to put Mr. Lloyd in communication with a captain, who, for a sufficient consideration, engaged to take him to Spain, via Liverpool, in which latter city the banker wished to stop to secure an English passport, and convert into available funds the large exchanges and securities which he had in his possession.

George had also, in early life, served an apprenticeship in the art tonsorial, and hence had many accomplishments from which he derived a wonderful disguise. From his wardrobe, he selected one of these, who was of a theatrical turn, and furnished masquerade apparel, he obtained a wig, a false beard, and a disguise in character, which our colored friend felt so sure he could sustain, that he gave the banker assume, making here and there an alteration until it was artistically perfect; and the stately Beale Lloyd was converted into a valetudinarian of seventy years, whose skin was wrinkled by a diseased liver, and whose legs confessed, with a halt, more than one painful visit from that fierce enemy of the *Epicuri gregis*—gout. He was to affect an accent also, and to personate a French gentleman, who, from ill health, was by to the Mediterranean, in search of health.

When not engaged in arrangements for his departure, Mr. Lloyd had all the newspapers, which George got him—only, however, after being commanded to do so. He read them all, every word—aimed at the epigrams, critically inspected the portraits of himself, the pictures of his office, his rooms, his villa, fine similes of his handwriting, of the forged certificates, &c., which were published in the papers of New Orleans and Mobile weekly. The last time he had looked through that journal, he remembered it had contained the likeness of a notorious desperado, of his cell in the Tombs, and of the scene of his execution for murder. And yet, George could not notice that Mr. Lloyd felt *these* things. Were his sensibilities torpid from despair, or did what was said lose its effect upon him from being overdrawn, or untrue, or failing to probe the matter to its depths, and to touch the secret spring which alone could open to view that drowning heart? Whatever it was, he could read and smile, though George did not dare even to let "marster" know he himself was able to stumble through a sentence, lest he should fear a diminution of his respect towards him. More, he could pleasantly instance to George the fact of the large reward offered for information respecting his whereabouts, and how easy it would be to enrich himself by a word. But he only did this once; for poor George seemed to fancy the mentioning of the fact indicated suspicion and alarm on the banker's part, and his dismayed distress was extreme, for he had sagacity enough to be aware that should such distrust exist, it would place a thousand obstacles in his way, and was a thing that could not be remedied, except by the event.

"Marster," said he, going out of the room, and returning almost instantly again, "that ar is a mort o' money, and I reckin' but a poor collured man. Answer me one word—what'd you do, sooner'n be ketched?"

"I'd rather die by my own hand, George—ten thousand times rather—now that I have read how men judge of me."

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nesses for the State were sent before them. At five o'clock, the jury returned into Court, and stated that they had not completed the examination of witnesses. They were discharged until to-morrow morning at ten o'clock.

Charlestown, Oct. 26.—The Grand Jury, consisting of nineteen persons, presented to the court, through their foreman, Thomas Rutherford, Esq., at 12 o'clock to-day, a joint indictment against the five Harper's Ferry prisoners; first, for conspiring with negroes to produce an insurrection; second, for treason to the Commonwealth; and third, for murder.

The prisoners were brought into court, accompanied by a body of armed men, without the slightest demonstration on the part of the people. Stevens was laid upon a mattress, and had to be supported while the clerk read the lengthy indictment. Brown rose, but soon sat down. They all plead "not guilty," and demanded to be tried separately.

The State called the case of John Brown, and the court, at the request of the prisoner, appointed as his counsel Lawson Botts and Thomas C. Green, Esqrs. [Mr. Faulkner, appointed by the County Court, declined the duty as having ended, had left here.] Charles B. Harding, Esq., assisted by Andrew Hunter, Esq., represented the Commonwealth.

Brown then rose, and asked the Court to delay his trial. He begins to be imperfect in consequence of wounds in the head, but he was rapidly improving, and he hoped soon to be able to hear the proceedings, and attend to his trial. He also expected other counsel here. He hoped they would give even the devil his due, and no more.

Mr. Botts, after conference with Brown, stated that he was mentally and physically unable to attend to his case. Brown wished for a delay of not over three days, to regain his strength and obtain other counsel.

Mr. Green also urged the postponement.

Mr. Hunter, for the State, said that in the present excited condition of things, delay would be dangerous. Brown's physical condition could be proven by witnesses, and he had been afforded every facility to obtain counsel.

Mr. Harding, State's Attorney, wished Brown's case to be first taken up, because his conviction would involve all his associates.

Judge Parker stated that physical inability was good cause for delay, if it could be shown. Without some reasonable assurance of other counsel, the court could not grant a delay, because of the nature of the case, and because the term was limited, by having to hold court in another county on the 10th of November.

Dr. J. F. Mason, physician; Captain Avis, jailer; and D. H. Cockrell, a jail guard, were then examined, and they testified that Brown conversed intelligently, and they thought he was physically able to attend the trial.

The Court decided that the trial of Brown must proceed, but regard would be had to his condition, so as to avoid his being wearied.

AFTERNOON SESSION—WEDNESDAY.

At two o'clock, the jailer was ordered to bring Brown into court. He found Brown in bed, and he declared himself unable to rise. He was accordingly brought into court on a cot, which was set down within the bar. The prisoner laid most of the time with his eyes closed, and the counterpane drawn up close to his chin. He is apparently not much injured, but is determined to resist the pushing of his trial by all the means in his power.

The jury were then called, and sworn. The jurors were questioned as to having formed or expressed any opinion that would prevent them deciding impartially on the merits of the testimony. The court excluded those who were present at Harper's Ferry during the insurrection and saw the prisoners perpetrating the acts for which they are to be tried. The jurors called were all from distant parts of the county, mostly farmers, some of them owning a few slaves, and others none.

EMPANELLING THE JURY.

The examination of the jurors was continued until twenty-four were decided by the court and counsel to be competent jurors. Out of these twenty-four, the counsel for the prisoner has a right to strike off eight, and then twelve are drawn by ballot out of the remaining sixteen. The following were the questions put to the jurors:

Were you at Harper's Ferry on Monday or Tuesday?

How long did you remain there?

Did you witness any of the proceedings for which this party is to be tried?

Did you form or express any opinion, from what you saw there, with regard to the guilt or innocence of these people?

Would that opinion disqualify you from giving these men a fair trial?

Did you hear any of the evidence in the case before the examining court?

What has been the impression on you? Was it a decided one, or was it one which would yield to evidence, if the evidence was different from what you supposed?

Are you sure that you can try this case impartially, from the evidence alone, without reference to anything you have heard or seen of this transaction?

Have you any conscientious scruples against convicting a party of an offence to which the law assigns the punishment of death, merely because that is the penalty assigned?

The following gentlemen were finally fixed upon as the twelve jurors to try the case:

Richard Timberlake, Joseph Myers, Thomas Watson, jun., Isaac Dust, John C. McGuire, William Lightstine, Jacob J. Miller, Thomas Osborne, George W. Boyer, John C. Wiltshire, George W. Tapp, William A. Martin.

The jury were not sworn in the case, but the judge charged them not to converse upon the case, or to permit others to converse with them.

They were at five o'clock dismissed, the prisoner was carried over to jail on his cot, and the court adjourned until to-morrow (Thursday) morning.

THE SECOND DAY.

Charlestown, Oct. 27.—Capt. Brown was brought into court this morning, walking, but on reaching the bar, he laid down at full length on his cot. He looked considerably better, the swelling having left his eyes.

Senator Mason was present.

Messrs. Harding and Hunter appeared for the Commonwealth, and Messrs. Botts and Green for the prisoner.

Mr. Botts read the following dispatch, received by him this morning:

Akron, Ohio, Oct. 26.—To C. J. Faulkner and Lawson Botts, Esqs: John Brown, the leader of the insurrectious at Harper's Ferry, Va., and several of his family, have resided in this county many years. Insanity is hereditary in that family. His mother and aunt died with it, and a daughter of that sister has been two years in the lunatic asylum. A son and daughter of his mother's brother have also been confined in lunatic asylum, and another son of that brother is now insane, and under close restraint. These facts can be conclusively proven by witnesses residing here, who will doubtless attend the trial, if desired.

THOS. BISHOP, A. H. LEWIS.

William B. Allen, the telegraphic operator at the Akron office, adds to the above dispatch, that A. H. Lewis is a resident of that place, and his statements are entitled to implicit credit.

Mr. Botts said that, on receiving the above dispatch, he went to the jail with his associate, Mr. Green, and read it to Capt. Brown; and is desired by the latter to say, that in his father's family there have been no cases of insanity at all. On his mother's side there had been several instances of it, and he adds, that his first wife showed symptoms of it, which was also evident in his first and second sons by that wife. Some portions of the statements in the dispatch he knows to be correct, but of the other portions he is ignorant. He does not know whether his mother's sister died in the lunatic asylum; but he does believe a daughter of that sister has been for two years in an insane asylum, and he thinks also a son and daughter of his mother's brother have also been confined in such an asylum; but he is not apprized of the fact that another son of that brother is now insane and in close confinement.

Capt. Brown also desires his counsel to say he does not put in any plea of insanity, and if he has ever been at all insane, he is totally unconscious of it. Yet he adds, that those who are most insane, generally suppose that they have more reason and sanity than those around them. But for himself, he *disdains* to put in that plea, and seeks no immunity of that kind. This movement it made too late, without his approbation or concurrence, and was unknown to him until the receipt of the dispatch as above given.

CAPT. BROWN SPURNS THE PLEA OF INSANITY.

Mr. Botts having concluded his statement, Capt. Brown then raised himself up in bed, and said: "I will add, if the Court will allow me, that I look upon it as a miserable artifice and pretext of those who ought to take a different course in regard to me, if they took any at all! And I view it with contempt, more than otherwise, as I remarked to Mr. Green. Insane persons, so far as my experience goes, have but very little ability to judge of their own insanity; and if I am insane, of course I should think I knew more than all the rest of the world, but I do not think so. I am perfectly unconscious of insanity; and I view with utter contempt, and I reject, so far as I am capable, any attempt to interfere in my behalf on that score."

Mr. Botts stated that he was further instructed by Capt. Brown to say that, rejecting this plea of insanity entirely, and seeking no delay for that reason, he does repeat to the Court his request, made yesterday, that time be given for foreign counsel to arrive, that he now has reason to expect.

Yesterday afternoon, a dispatch was received here from Cleveland, Ohio, signed D. Tilden, and dated the 26th inst., asking of Capt. Brown whether it would be of use for counsel to leave last night. This dispatch answer was returned, that the jury would be sworn this morning, and Capt. Brown desired the counsel to come at once. The telegraphic operator here stated that this dispatch would be sent off at once, in advance of the dispatches sent by the reporters, and he had learned this morning that it was sent before the storm last night interrupted communication with other points. The counsel might reach here by eleven o'clock to-night.

The course taken by Capt. Brown this morning made it evident that he sought no postponement of his trial for the mere purpose of delay. As he rejects the plea of insanity still, in his opinion, he can have a fairer trial if the defence were conducted by his own counsel, than if he were defended by the counsel present here.

After argument of counsel on both sides, the Court decided against delaying the trial. A plea of insanity must be supported by affidavits.

The jury were then sworn, and the indictment read—the first count being *insurrection*, the second *treason*, and the third *murder*.

Mr. Harding, the State's Attorney, then addressed the jury, and presented the facts as they have been already published.

Mr. Green, counsel for Brown, made an ingenious reply, showing that if Brown had committed treason, it was against the United Strtes, and not against the State of Virginia. He also mentioned many circumstances in extenuation.

Mr. Botts, associate counsel, made an impressive address to the jury, and showed a determination to use every advantage in behalf of the prisoner. He defended his character, and spoke of his humanity to the citizens whom he held as prisoners.

Mr. Hunter, associate counsel for the State, rejoined, and denied that Virginia had transferred her jurisdiction with the sale of the Armory grounds to the United States. He therefore insisted that the offence was committed against the State. He referred to the law defining treason against the State, showing that it is more comprehensive than that of the United States.

The examination of witnesses then commenced on the part of the State, but as the facts elicited have all been published, and the details would fill our columns, we omit them. We shall, however, select whatever testimony may seem to throw new light on the subject.

Charlestown, Va., Oct. 28.—Capt. Cook was brought into town at one o'clock this morning, from Pennsylvania. He says that if Brown had taken his advice in relation to the affair, one thousand men couldn't have taken them. There is great rejoicing here at his arrest. Cook also says that Fred Douglas acted the coward, having promised to be there in person.

George H. Hoyt, of Boston, arrived here this morning, as counsel for Capt. Brown. He is quite a youth in appearance.

The court met at eleven o'clock, when Brown was led over from the jail walking, but very feeble. He laid down on the cot as on yesterday.

Senator Mason entered the court with Mr. Hoyt, of Boston, counsel for Brown.

Before the trial commenced, Brown remarked, that the testimony of Mr. Washington and Conductor Phelps, yesterday, was strictly truthful.

The jury were called, and answered.

Mr. Botts announced the arrival of Mr. Hoyt, who had come to Virginia as counsel for the prisoner. At present, however, he did not feel disposed to take part in the case; whenever he should feel disposed, he would do so.

Mr. Hunter suggested, that he had better be qualified as a member of the bar, on the production of proof from Boston.

Mr. Hoyt stated, that not expecting the question to arise as to his being a member of the Boston bar, he had not brought his credentials of admission.

The Court said, that strictly legal proof of the fact was not required. Any citizen's evidence would answer.

Mr. Green said his partner had received letters from fellow-students of Mr. Hoyt, alluding to him as a member of the bar.

Mr. Hoyt then took the customary oath, and the testimony was resumed.

Mr. Hunter laid before the jury the printed Constitution and Ordinances of the Provisional Government, reading the two first clauses of the preamble, and the seventh, forty-fifth, and forty-eighth articles, and briefly summing up other portions of the Constitution.

Sheriff Campbell sworn. Knows the handwriting of the prisoner; has copied a letter for him.

Capt. Brown said he would identify himself any of his handwriting, and save all that trouble. He was ready to face the music.

Mr. Hunter said he would prefer proving them by Mr. Campbell.

Capt. Brown, "Either way; as you please.

A large bundle of letters was produced; each being identified by Mr. Campbell, and handed to Brown, who, at the first glance, replied to each, in a loud voice: "Yes, that is mine." These papers and letters were about fifty in number.

On receiving a list of the members of Convention, Mr. Hunter read it. It was headed, William Charles Morris, President of the Convention; and J. Bagby, Secretary of the Convention. On handing the list to Brown, he exclaimed, with a groan, "That's my signature."

In reference to another paper he said, "I have nothing to say about that." He next read a letter from J. R. Giddings acknowledging the receipt of a letter from Brown, and stating he would be pleased to see him at his house during the summer. Mr. Hunter then read the letter from Gerrit Smith, which, "for brevity," is already published. It is dated June, 1859, and endorsed on the back in Brown's writing.

Mr. Botts here insisted on the right of examining the letters before their being read.

Several witnesses for the prisoner were here called, and did not answer. It was stated the subpœnas had not been returned.

BROWN REPUDIATES HIS COUNSEL.

Brown here arose from his mattress, evidently excited. Leaning upon his feet, he addressed the court as follows:

May it please the court, I discover that notwithstanding all the promises that I have received of a fair trial, nothing like a fair trial is to be given me, as it would seem. I gave the names of those persons I wished to have called as witnesses as soon as I could get them, and was assured they should be subpœnaed. I wrote down a memorandum to that effect, saying where important witnesses, but I appears that they have not been summoned, so far as I can learn.

And now I ask, if I am to have anything at all deserving the name of the shadow of a fair trial, that this proceeding be deferred until morrow morning, for I have no counsel, as I have before stated, in whom I feel that I can rely, but I am in hopes that counsel may arrive who will stand to serve me. I see the witnesses who are necessary for my defence. I am totally unable myself to attend to it. I have given all the attention I possibly could to it, but I am unable to see or know about them, and can't even find out their names and I have been ready to do any errands for me, for my money was taken from me when I was searched and stabbed, and I have not a dime.

I had two hundred and fifty or sixty dollars in gold and silver taken from my pockets, and now I have no possible means of getting anybody to go any errands for me, and I have not been done for how are all the witnesses been summoned. They are not within reach, and are not here. I ask at least until to-morrow morning to have something done, if anything is designed to be done; if not, I am ready for anything that may turn up.

Brown then laid down again, drew his blanket over him, and closed his eyes, and appeared to sink in a tranquil slumber.

Mr. Hoyt, of Boston, who had been sitting quietly all day at the side of Mr. Botts, now arose amid great sensation, and addressed the court as follows:

"May it please the Court, I would add my voice to the appeal of Capt. Brown, although I have had no conference with him. that a further hearing of the case be postponed until morning. He said he would state the reason for this request. He was informed, and had reason to believe, that Judge Tilden, of Ohio, was on the way to Charlestown, and would undoubtedly arrive at Harper's Ferry to-night at seven o'clock. He had taken measures to secure that gentleman's arrival at this place tonight, if he reaches the Ferry. For himself, he had come from Boston, travelling night and day, to volunteer his services in the defence of Capt. Brown, but he cannot take the responsibility of undertaking his defence as now situated. The gentleman who has defended Capt. Brown have acted in an honorable and dignified manner in all respects, so far as I know. But I cannot assume the responsibility of defending him myself, for many reasons. First. It would be impossible for me to do it. I have not read the indictment carefully; have not, except so far as I have listened to this case and heard the counsel this morning, got any idea of the line of defence proposed. I have no knowledge of the criminal code of Virginia, and have had no time to read it. I have had no time to examine the questions arising in this defence, some of which are of considerable importance, especially relative to the jurisdiction over the Armory grounds. For all these reasons, I ask a continuance of the case till morning."

Mr. Botts. In justice to myself, I must state that on being first assigned as counsel for Capt. Brown, I conferred with him, and, in his instance, took down a list of witnesses that he desired subpœnaed. In his behalf, though late at night, I called upon the sheriff, and informed him that I wished subpœnas issued early in the morning. This was done, and, as this are here Messrs. Phelps, Williams, and Grist, who had been examined.

Sheriff Campbell stated that the subpœnas were placed in the hands of the officers, with the request to serve them at once, and they must have served them, as some of the witnesses are here. The process not returned may have been sent by private hands, and failed to arrive.

Mr. Botts thought they had shown, and was confident he spoke the public sentiment of the whole community, when he said they wished Capt. Brown to have a fair trial.

The counsel for the State insisted on proceeding with the trial.

Mr. Green arose to state that Mr. Botts and himself would both now withdraw from the case, and can no longer act in behalf of the prisoner, if he persists in what he had declared here, that he has no confidence in the counsel who have been assigned him.

Mr. Harding. We have been delayed from time to time, by similar applications, in the expectation of the arrival of Virginia counsel, and we have reached a point of time when we are ready to submit the case to the jury upon the evidence and law, when another application arises for a continuance. The very witness that they now propose to execute, Mr. Hungerford, came here, summoned by ourselves; but deeming that we had testimony enough, we did not examine him.

The Court. The idea of waiting for counsel to study our code through, could not be admitted. As to the other ground, I do not know whether the process has been executed or not, as no return has been made.

Mr. Hoyt. I am unprepared to do my duty in this matter, but I cannot see how, consistently with my own feelings, I can remain any longer in this case, when the accused, whom I have been laboring to defend, declares in open court that he has no confidence in his counsels.

I make this suggestion: That I now retire from this case, and the more especially since there is now here a gentleman from Boston who has come on to volunteer his services for the prisoner. I suggest to the court to allow him time about the matter. Designate those you wish to object to.

Mr. Hoyt. I desire to know the object of counsel in introducing those papers.

Mr. Hunter. The papers will speak for themselves. If you will designate which of them you object to, we will go on at once.

Mr. Hoyt. I object to this autobiography of Capt. Brown, as having no bearing on this case.

Mr. Hunter. I withdraw it.

Mr. Hoyt. I object to the letter of Gerrit Smith.

Mr. Hunter. I withdraw that, too.

Mr. Hoyt. I handed to the clerk last night a list of names we wished summoned as witnesses. Samuel Stridher, Henry Ault, Benjamin F. Mills, John E. P. Dangerfield, and Capt. Sinn. I got a dispatch just now, informing me that Capt. Sinn had gone to Frederick, but would return in the first train this morning, and would come on to Charlestown this afternoon. I would like to inquire whether the process had reached Capt. Sinn at Harper's Ferry.

Sheriff Campbell replied, that the officer stated that Capt. Sinn had gone to Frederick.

Mr. Hunter. Under these circumstances, I hope we will proceed with some other witnesses.

John E. P. Dangerfield, an officer of the Armory, who was made a prisoner by Capt. Brown, testified to his humane treatment, and to the complaints of Brown that his men were shot down while carrying flags of truce. He promised safety to all species of property, except slave property, and made no threats of violence.

The evidence fully sustains the accounts we published last week, and we deem it unnecessary to repeat it.

The counsel for the State complained that the prisoner's counsel showed a disposition to gain time by calling upon witnesses to prove facts which were not denied. But the court permitted the examination to proceed.

Other witnesses were examined, but no new facts were elicited, and the evidence for the defence was closed.

Mr. Chilton, counsel for the prisoner, then insisted that the court should compel the counsel for the State to elect which one of the three counts in the indictment they would attempt to prove. Those counts are treason, inciting and assisting slaves to rebel, and murder.

Mr. Hunter, on the part of the State, resisted this demand, and the court refused to grant it.

Mr. Harding then opened the case on the part of the State, after which the court adjourned to Monday, when Mr. Chilton was to reply.

One of the witnesses, Capt. Sinn, concluded his testimony as follows:

"On the conclusion of his testimony, Capt. Sinn desired to state that he had returned here at the summons of the prisoner to testify in his behalf, with as great willingness as he had come to testify against him. He had no sympathy for the acts of the prisoner or his movement—on the contrary, he would be one of the first to bring him to punishment. But he regarded Capt. Brown as a brave man, and being informed that he wauted him here as a witness, he had returned with pleasure. As a Southern man, he came here to state the facts about the affair, so that Northern men would have no opportunity of saying that Southern men were unwilling to appear as witnesses in behalf of one whose principles they abhorred."

OUR RELATIONS WITH CHINA.

WASHINGTON, *Oct. 30, 1859.*

To the Editor of the National Era:

Our relations with the Empire of China are in a peculiar state at this moment, inasmuch as Mr. Ward, our Minister, being in a position of extreme delicacy, if not of more or less peril. The treaty negociated by Mr. Reed gave the right to our Minister to visit Pekin only for the dispatch of special business; if, then, Mr. Ward should have been conducted to Pekin instead of proceeding thither in his own way by such route as he might choose, he will be in a position little better than that of a prisoner, because dependent not upon his own resources—the power of his Government—but upon the courtesy or cunning of the Chinese authorities. In other words, Mr. Ward must be considered under duress, unless he has free and easy access to the stations where our vessels of war are at anchor, and where our vessels of war are able to approach and protect him.

If already in the city of Pekin, Mr. Ward, by the terms of the treaty negotiated by Mr. Reed, must retire therefrom so soon as the chief object of his mission—exchange of ratifications—shall have been accomplished by him. Mr. Ward, however, may possibly demand to remain in Pekin, under the most favorable clause in the treaty to be ratified, and which clearly grants the right to the diplomatic representatives ceded to the envoys of France and England. Herein will be found Mr. Ward's chief present difficulty. If he claim permanent residence in Pekin for himself—*agreeably to his instructions*—he cannot deny the right ceded to the envoys of England and France, those envoys having been repelled, Mr. Ward in effect will be seeking to establish a right for the United States, which is a right granted to France and to England. By such claim of Mr. Ward, the United States, it is conceived, will be made parties to the present war difficulty between England and France and the Chinese authorities. This will be more especially the case, if the Emperor of China never intended that by the treaties signed that France and England should enjoy the privilege which is undoubtedly their right. Mr. Ward can avoid making the last-named difficulty by the difficulty with France and England only by his not claiming a permanent residence in Pekin, but retiring therefrom immediately after the ratification of the treaty which he bears with him for ratification. What he will do is seen what course Mr. Ward will eventually adopt.

With respect to England and France, the Chinese question is one of the highest importance to those Powers and the world. It will be clearly apparent to all intelligent minds, that to have a representative at Pekin, without perfect freedom of going to and coming thence by the easiest water-courses of the Empire, would be of no advantage whatever. The Envoys would be kept in a constant state of alarm, espionage, suspection, danger, and difficulty—dependent at all times for safety on Chinese duplicity. This was perceived by the Pekin authorities. These authorities, therefore, conceived the idea of neutralizing certain of the clauses of the treaties signed with France and England, by the making easy access to Pekin an impossibility. Hence the refortifying the mouth of the Peiho. It was doubtless believed by the Chinese personality of the foreign Envoys—to make their residence in Pekin, away from their nation's protection, unpleasant and powerless—and to put them altogether at the mercy of the authorities at the capital. The mouth of the Peiho had been decaded and fortified, and the mandarins in command were ordered to say it was done by the local power, and not by the Imperial Government—thus cunningly exonerating the latter, while at the same time it afforded the advantage of recommence the war, and also of taking the forces of France and England by a surprise, which it was hoped would be a disaster equivalent to a defeat. The Envoys, as an errand of peace, and therefore only partially prepared, came to the matter of wonder that the gallant British Admiral should have had to recede from the attitude adopted. The treaties signed gave a perfect right to the Envoys of England, and also the American Envoys, to proceed to Pekin in their own way, and by such routes as they might think proper. *To erect a barrier in their way, was to repel their approach to the capital.* This alone was a breach of the treaties signed. It was a breach of the chief point for which, in the treaties, the European Powers contended.

It may be said, then, that the Chinese authorities have swerved from the path of national honor. Their whole existence may be yet depended upon. The treaties signed asserted the right of nations to be represented permanently at Pekin. The privileges of resident Ministers by the usage of nations is altogether untrammeled. Resident Ministers therefore must, at Pekin, have free and easy access to the seaboard cities, freedom of personal movement within the Empire, and at all times ready communication with their respective Governments. *The object of nations is, not China conquest, but friendship.* Under existing circumstances, therefore, to insure freedom and safety of envoy personality, all obstructions must be removed from the rivers leading direct to Pekin, and every fort at the mouth of the Peiho and elsewhere demolished. If not demolished by the Chinese themselves, they must be self-defensively captured by the European Powers, and garrisoned by them, to insure due protection to their Ministers. Our own Minister, Mr. Ward, will possibly accomplish nothing at Pekin until that is effectually done by the French and English marine.

Without untrammeled personal freedom and of movement, a foreign Minister at Pekin never will possess any national influence or power. He will ever remain at the mercy of the cunning, which is the marked characteristic of Chinese feature and policy. Chinese authority must not say how nor by what pathway a foreign Envoy shall approach the city of Pekin. Every road must be open. He must be respected in all pathways and rivers by Imperial decree. Unless this should be the case, a foreign Minister resident at Pekin will be forever a prisoner to the cunning folly of Chinese caprice.

B. E. B.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1859.

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DECAY OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

The observations we recently made upon the dying condition of the so-called Democratic party in the free States are fortified by the late elections in the West. We see there the same results that were exhibited in the New England States, to which we drew attention. The Democratic party, instead of recovering from the effects of the blows dealt by the Republicans in former years, exhibits only a growing weakness.

In Ohio, for example, there is no question that the Sham Democracy exerted its utmost power, and with confident expectations of success. Its leaders were animated by the same hopes that have ever animated that party after its defeats, and they anticipated the old results.

But the true ring of the Democratic trumpet was lost. It gave forth but a cracked and discordant sound. The old hugle note of inspiration was wanting. Douglas was there with his popular-sovereignty delusion, Pugh vindicated himself against every suspicion of Lecompton-ism, and declared against the more offensive tenets of the slaveholding aristocracy, but it was all of no avail. Ohio is fully persuaded of the apostacy of the Democratic party, and renewedly repudiates it, after a full and deliberate rehearing. The opportunity to recover this great State to the bogus Democracy will never again be so favorable as it was at the last election.

The popular-sovereignty hobby was fresh and alluring. When exhibited by its ablest priests, with all its newness, and gloss, and sophistry, it was fair to suppose it would have power to delude many weak but well-meaning minds. But it has not accomplished even this. It has not obtained even a temporary foothold. It has been riddled, and its hollowness and falsehood all exposed at the start. The Democratic masses have not been entrapped by its disguises for a moment, not even at the period of their strongest inclination to accept apologies and excuses and promises of amendment from their hitherto trusted leaders, with all the glorious memories of old Democratic triumphs, and old Democratic hopes and aspirations, thronging thick and fast upon them. There is no question that everywhere in the great North and West, the hearts of the people are warm, glowing, and sympathetic, with the idea of genuine Democracy. There is no doubt, either, that they look upon the party organization that bears the name of Democratic, with a strong degree of favor, and many would willingly reenlist under the old banner, if they could be persuaded that the party leaders meant to be hereafter true to its ancient traditions and principles. Many have caught at the idea of popular sovereignty, so persistently propagated by its priests, as being or intimating a return to its abandoned positions. They have ardently desired to find in it an easement from their embarrassments encountered in leaving an old and cherished political organization, for one with new leaders, and without the prestige of stability or success. The ears of the masses have been everywhere wide open to receive the new gospel of popular-sovereignty Democracy. They have only needed to be satisfied that it was a genuine gospel, to have rallied back in thousands and tens of thousands to their old positions as life-long members of the Democratic party. Every advantage has been afforded therefore to the Democratic leaders in the North and West, to enable them to restore their shattered ranks. But they have been utterly unsuccessful. The late elections conclusively demonstrate that they have everywhere signally failed, either to convince their old followers of their sonndness on fundamental doctrines, or to delude them by specious pretences. With every advantage in their favor, they have again been driven to the wall. The people have given another unmistakable vote of want of confidence. They have been caught in none of the snares, nor made victims to any of the delusions of the sophists who have been practicing upon them.

Our conclusion from this result is marked and emphatic. We say the old Democratic party of the free States is dead of suicide. It is gone past recovery. It can never again light so strong a battle as it has been able to fight both last year and this. Every day's discussion, among the people, of the great apostacy of which it has been guilty, weakens its ranks. Every day's discussion and exposition of the popular-sovereignty swindle, by which it is trying to stay its dissolution, only goes to undermine its foundations. We have heretofore briefly, but we trust clearly, exposed the fallacy of this giant pretence, and shown its utter unsoundness and hollowness. When this rubbish of Douglasism is entirely cleared away, as it is likely to be before another general election, the Democratic organization must stand before the people in all its naked deformity. It will be palpable before mankind, that it is a party of aristocracy under a Democratic flag. It will be plain to all who desire to see, that the great doctrine of the equal rights of man, so long its corner-stone, has now no place in its creed or its affections. It will be seen that it has exchanged its original radicalism for a profound conservatism. From being the champion of Liberty, it has become the supporter and defender of Slavery. Prom holding a position where the simple assevemation of its principles was sufficient to shake the thrones of the Old World, it has subsided into a meek echoist of the offensive and false dogmas upon which those thrones rest.

As this vital change of position is more and more thoroughly understood, the popular condemnation will become more and more decisive and indignant. We confidently believe in, and expect to see, the overwhelming rout and final extinction of the existing Democratic organization in all the free States. And the Republican party, if true to itself, must mount into its seat. It is the inheritor of its doctrines on the one distinguishing feature of American Democracy, and is will inherit its triumphs. The logic of the case points to this result. The facts, as disclosed in the elections of this year and last, afford unerring indications of equal significance.

ANOTHER TRACT FROM MR. DOUGLAS.

Senator Douglas has issued another long disquisition upon his favorite theme of "popular sovereignty," in reply to a similar publication from Attorney General Black.

The general feeling in "Democratic" circles has been, that the articles of Mr. Black have damaged the Presidential prospects of Mr. Douglas materially, and worsted him in the argument. The legal adviser of the President has shown considerable force as a controversialist, and upon Democratic premises has dissected and exposed the fallacies of Mr. Douglas with damaging effect. If he could venture upon the firm ground occupied by the Republicans, his arguments would be unanswerable; but standing upon a foundation as slippery and as treacherous as that of his antagonist, he cannot assail the Illinois Senator's position, without exposing the weakness of his own. The essays of Mr. Black, therefore, while they expose the inconsistencies of Mr. Douglas, are themselves filled with gross and revolting absurdities, which a dozen years ago would have found a response in no part of the Union. For, while he converts the Constitution into a mere scheme for the extension and perpetuation of Slavery, he at the same time destroys the independence of the States, and thus strikes at the first article in the creed of the Southern States Rights school.

It is difficult to say whether Mr. Black or Mr. Douglas is the better Federalist. The former charges the latter with disloyalty to the Supreme Court, with disregarding its decisions, and with denying the right of the court to settle all controverted questions in regard to the powers of the Constitution. Mr. Douglas denies, bitterly, the imputation, and declares that he has made more speeches in vindication of the sovereign superiority of the court, and especially of the Dred Scott decision, than any man living. He declares that, during the canvass of his own State, prior to the late election, he made a hundred speeches in favor of the court, and of that decision which specifically declares that neither Congress nor the people can exclude Slavery from a Territory.

These pretenders to "Democracy" dare not for one moment go back to the resolutions of 1798, or to the writings of Jefferson, Madison, or even to Calhoun. The first article in the creed of the States Rights school of statesmen was, that each department of the Federal Government, Legislative, Executive, and Judicial, has an equal right to construe the Constitution for itself, and to act accordingly; that the several States have a right superior to that of the co-ordinate departments of the Federal Government, for the reason that the States are the parties to the compact—in a word, its creators; while the several departments composing the Federal Government are but the creatures. The old Republican statesmen also held that the people at the polls composed the tribunal of final resort upon all questions of constitutional power.

The Democratic expounders of the Constitution at the present day never dare to quote these authorities. Having the Federal Government in their own hands, they are determined to stretch its "constructive" powers to the farthest limits of Federalism in carrying out their plans of Slavery extension. In all these discussions of Senator Douglas and Attorney General Black, while they vie with each other in professions of allegiance to the name Democracy, they never once quote the great founders of the Democratic party. Their highest authorities are now "the Compromise measures of 1850," "the Kansas-Nebraska bill," "the Cincinnati Platform," President Buchanan's Inaugural Speech, and his Silliman Letter; and, above all, the Dred Scott decision. These are now the great lights and landmarks of spurious Democracy. This is their new testament; while the old landmarks, the resolutions of 1798 and 1799, the writings of Jefferson, Madison, and John Taylor of Caroline, the speeches of Giles, Randolph, and Macon are thrown aside, as so much worn-out and useless lumber.

It would be easy to confound these pretenders to Democracy and to constitutional lore by an array of true Democratic authorities against their crude and sinister interpretations. But we will not now go into the subject.

A Washington correspondent of the New York *Times* was permitted to see the proof slips of the last essay of Mr. Douglas, and furnishes the following outlines of his argument:

"1. *Fighting the Judiciary.*—In reply to this, the Senator says he has not written or spoken one word in disparagement of the Supreme Court and its decisions, but has always spoken the terms of unqualified approbation, and made more speeches in defence of the Dred Scott decision than any living man. When assailed by the combined forces of Black Republicans and Federal office-holders, during the Illinois canvass, he defended the Dred Scott decision in more than one hundred speeches.

"2. *Territorial Sovereignty.*—Mr. Douglas denies ever having said or thought our Territories were sovereign or even limited sovereignties, but now avows it as his conviction that the people of the Territories have all the rights and immunities of self-government, in respect to their internal polity, subject only to the Constitution of the United States.

"3. *Nature of Popular Self-Government.*—Attorney General Black declines fair inquiry, lest it prove mischievous in disturbing the repose of those who hold that Territories have no attribute of sovereignty about them. This point is fully discussed in the Sixth Article.

"4. All legislative powers appertain to sovereignty, and, by the terms of the Kansas-Nebraska act, the legislative power of a Territory extends to all rightful subjects of legislation consistent with the Constitution of the United States. In face of this, the Attorney General says, 'a Territory has no attribute of sovereignty about it.' Mr. Douglas wishes to know what else Black means by an attribute of sovereignty, as Chief Justice Marshall has declared that all legislative powers appertain to sovereignty.

"5. Slavery included in a grant of legislative power to a Territory, by Senator Douglas, who argues at some length to sustain his position. The Kansas bill provides for writs of error and appeal in all cases involving the title to slaves, or involving a question of personal freedom.

"6. *Protection of Life, Liberty, and Property.*—Mr. Douglas proceeds to show that it is an exercise of sovereign power in a Territory, which lawfully deprives a citizen of his property, and loads his limbs with chains, for violating the laws of the Territory, and provides a power to determine by law what acts are criminal for which life may be taken or property forfeited, and this power is exclusively vested in Territorial Legislatures.

"7. Power of taxation is also an incident of sovereignty exercised by all the Territories.

"8. The power of creating corporations is constantly exercised by Territories; and is this not a power incident to sovereignty? Chief Justice Marshall says it is.

"9. One of two conclusions follows: The Attorney General must deny any legislative power to the Territories, or admit that they have sovereign powers over all rightful subjects of legislation, consistent with the Constitution of the United States. The first proposition is simply absurd, and contradicts all our entire history; the second is in harmony with the genius of our entire political system. Reader, Mr. Buchanan's letter accepting the Presidential nomination, in which he says: 'The people of a Territory, like those of a State, should decide for themselves whether Slavery shall or shall not exist within their limits.'

"10. *Is Slavery a Federal or a local institution?*—This point is argued at length, to show Slavery to be a local institution, as decided in 16 Peters, 60.

"11. *Does Slavery exist in the Territories by virtue of the Constitution?*—Under this head, the Attorney General is handled without gloves, and at some length. But the argument cannot be abridged into a mere synopsis. He contends, however, that political tribunals can determine judicial questions, and denounces the attempt to create new party tests. If the new tests now insisted upon had been presented in the last Presidential contest, the people of the United States would never have known Judge Black as Attorney General, nor would the power and patronage of a Democratic Administration have been exhausted in the prosecution of a war of extermination upon all who proved faithful to the principles upon which these eminent men were elevated to their high places."

This is the same old story—the same blatant assertions of popular sovereignty, merely designed to amuse the masses, but accompanied by admissions fatal to his theory. Mr. Douglas admits that, after all, the Territories are not in any sense sovereign, and that they can exercise only such legislative power as their organic acts and the Constitution, as construed by the Supreme Court, concedes to them! He admits fully and explicitly the authority of the Dred Scott case, which declares that Slavery exists in the Territories by virtue of the Constitution, and that neither Congress nor the inhabitants can exclude it! Could any form of words involve greater absurdity than Mr. Douglas's boasted popular sovereignty, followed by these admissions?

"THE HARPER'S FERRY AFFAIR AS PARTY CAPITAL"—THE DANGER OF USING IT.

The Richmond *Enquirer* has had the frankness to avow that the Harper's Ferry revolt is to be turned into party capital; but what the *Enquirer* justifies in theory, others of its colaborers in the cause of spurious Democracy have put in practice on a more extended scale, and with far greater recklessness of truth. The efforts made by the leading organs of the party in New York to turn the affair to political account betray a want of truth, candor, and self-respect, truly deplorable. According to these superserviceable zealots in the cause of Slavery, it is enough to convict any Republican of high treason, to show that he ever spoke to or corresponded with Ossawatomie Brown.

The fact is well known that Brown took a leading and honorable part in expelling the Missouri ruffians from Kansas. If, maddened by their injustice, he afterwards placed himself in the wrong by carrying the war into Missouri, the fact only illustrates the tendency of such outrages to provoke retaliation. While Brown was engaged in defending himself and neighbors at Ossawatomie, he had the respect and admiration of the country; he was sustained by the contributions of the friends of Freedom, and held extensive correspondence with them. Fragments of their letters relating to Kansas affairs are now found in his possession, and are made the basis of a deliberate charge of complicity in the recent attack on Virginia. The baseness of these accusations is too palpable to need exposure. They are merely designed for party capital; but their absurdity is apparent to every intelligent mind, and the impression they will make must be transient.

These attempts to implicate the Republicans in the schemes of Brown may to some extent affect the approaching elections in New York and New Jersey, but their worst consequences must fall upon the South. The Southern newspapers and politicians who re-echo them will do so at the peril of the public peace. They will infallibly instil into the minds of the negroes the idea that a great and powerful political party in the free States—a party which already has the control in all but two or three of those States—is ready to liberate them by act of Congress, or even by a war of extermination against their masters. The politicians who invent or repeat these falsehoods know them to be false, but the ignorant negroes who will

ty, Col. Forbes felt bound by his allegiance to explode a scheme fraught with—penury to his family. In a word, he betrays his confederates in crime and folly; and at the same time, by innuendo, attempts to implicate leading Republicans in his exploded plot. By this judicious policy, the modern Dalgetty has become a great favorite with the spurious Democracy.

We should not be surprised if he were to be elected a Tammany sachem, but his education and aristocratic affinities will probably lead him to prefer the Fifth Avenue wing of the party.

We cannot doubt, from his own account, that Forbes is fully committed to the insurrectionary conspiracy of John Brown. But his intimations that leading Republicans were cognizant of them we believe to be false. He pretends that these letters have been published without his consent; but there can be no doubt that he sold them to the Herald, or to the Fifth Avenue committee. This man therefore stands before the country as a betrayer of his confederates in crime, and his evidence, so far as by mere innuendo he attempts to implicate Republican leaders, will have little influence upon honest and candid minds. Even the New York *Express*, a bitter opponent of the Republican party, utterly discredits these letters, and regards them as so much manufactured capital for the spurious Democracy. That journal thinks they should not be used against the Republican party, and predicts that the attempt will recoil upon the heads of those who make it.

No intelligent man will for a moment believe that the leaders of the Republican party would be so stupid as to encourage or countenance an enterprise such as that attempted at Harper's Ferry. Everybody is amazed that twenty men in the whole Union could have been found mad enough to undertake it; and yet, Democratic demagogues are endeavoring to persuade the people that the most enlightened and sagacious statesmen in the country are its aiders and abettors!

THE TRIAL OF BROWN.

We give a sketch of the proceedings in the trial of Capt. Brown, as reported in the Baltimore *Sun*, but omit, for the most part, the evidence, which was but a repetition of events already known to the public. That the trial has been conducted with undue haste, no one who reads the reports of it, will deny; and yet, considering the exasperation which the prisoner's conduct was calculated to produce, we confess our surprise that even the forms of law should have been observed. It is creditable to the Virginians that they have been in no small degree fascinated by the daring courage displayed by Brown. His bold avowal of his treasonable purposes, and his defiant attitude in the face of ignominious death, has touched a chord in every manly breast. The accounts of the most ultra Pro-Slavery witnesses and reporters, and the speech of Governor Wise at Richmond, all show that the bitterness of hate and revenge, even towards an invading and fallen foe, may be softened into respect and pity, by heroic courage and devotion.

How lamentable, that a will enthusiasm should have misdirected the energies of a mind so brave and true as is that of John Brown, according to the testimony of his enemies!

BROWN FOUND GUILTY OF TREASON AND MURDER.

Charlestown, Va., Oct. 31.—We have no room for even a synopsis of the argument of counsel, but subjoin from the Baltimore *Sun's* report the conclusion of the trial, and the rendering of the verdict.

Mr. Hunter closed at half past one o'clock. During most of the argument, Brown lay on his back, with his eyes closed.

Mr. Chilton asked the court to instruct the jury that if they believed the prisoner was not a citizen of Virginia, but of another State, they cannot convict him on the count of treason.

The court declined, saying the Constitution did not give rights and immunities alone, but it also imposed responsibilities.

Mr. Chilton then asked the court for another instruction, to the effect that the jury must be satisfied that the place where the offence was committed was within the boundaries of Jefferson county, which the court granted.

A recess was taken for half an hour.

When the jury came in with their verdict, an intense excitement prevailed.

Brown sat up in bed while the verdict was rendered, as follows:

THE VERDICT.

The jury find the prisoner guilty of treason in advising and conspiring with slaves and others to rebel; and of murder in the first degree.

Brown laid down quickly, and said nothing. There was no demonstration of any kind.

Mr. Chilton moved an arrest of judgment, both on account of errors in the indictment and an error in the verdict.

The points will be argued to-morrow.

Brown was remanded to jail.

Mr. Harding announced that he was ready to proceed with the trial of Coppee, who was brought in, and took his seat between Messrs. Griswold and Hoyt, who appeared as his counsel.

The remainder of the day was spent in endeavoring to obtain a jury, but the panel was not complete when, at five o'clock, the court adjourned.

MASONIC HOME FOR WIDOWS AND ORPHANS.—We have received the prospectus of the "American Masonic Home for the Widows and Orphans of Freemasons," to be located in Washington. The plan is, to raise one hundred thousand dollars, one half of which is to be invested in real estate, the rents of which are to serve as a permanent endowment; and with the remaining half, suitable buildings are to be erected for the accommodation of the institution. Under the supervision of the Ancient Order of Freemasons, the contributors to this benevolent enterprise have ample guaranty of its judicious management, and we cordially commend it to the patronage of the public. Though located in Washington, its benefits are to be equally enjoyed by the widows and orphans of Freemasons in all parts of North America.

TO ORCHARDISTS.—Capt. W. W. Taylor, of South Dartmouth, Massachusetts, patented, a year since, a "Tree Protector," which is found to be perfectly successful. The *New Bedford Standard* says that twenty-three trees, to which they were applied, averaging eight inches in diameter, produced this year eighty-four bushels of fair, handsome apples; and for ten years previous, these same trees have not borne fifty bushels of good fruit. This paper says, "These tree protectors amount to a perfect insurance of excellent profits, at a very low rate of premium, and will last any number of years." They are filled with "bitter water"—the residuum of the manufacture of salt, which is now thrown away as worthless. The right to use these appliances can be had of Capt. Taylor, at a very low rate. We have heard of their success from other sources, and commend them to all who have orchards, as worthy attention. G. W.

A SLANDER.—The Washington *States* copies and endorses the following willful calumny from the New York *Day Book*:

"*Ominous.*—The Boston *Liberator*, the *National Era* at Washington, and the *Anti-Slavery Standard* of this city, publish the accounts of the conspiracy at Harper's Ferry without *one word of comment!*"

Now, it would be quite impossible for any man to read the several editorial articles in the last *Era* upon the Harper's Ferry affair, without seeing the most abundant comment and condemnation. These organs of the Black Democracy, which agree in nothing else, are a unit in their reckless, if not studied, calumny of the *National Era*.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF DOUGLAS DEMOCRACY.

We subjoin only a few extracts from the columns of the *States*; but we might fill columns with its foul and false aspersions.

On Saturday last, the *States* had the following:

"MORAL TREASON.—Black Republicanism! What is it? *Moral treason* to all intouts and purposes. * * *

"But wicked as it is, it has an organization at the metropolis of the Union!—hellicose headquarters, where fire-brands are manufactured for general distribution.

"Since this organization had the audacity to publicly manifest itself, Washington cannot be regarded otherwise than as the central spot where the leading spirits of Abolition concentrate to arrange their plans for their multifarious operations in the slaveholding States."

On the 26th, the same paper had the following:

"Thus we have an open and avowed enemy to the repose of the slaveholding States on Southern soil—one which, while it has the demerity to demonstrate its indignation at being suspected of affiliating with the Brown movement, is, no doubt, clandestinely co-operating with its *coaffrere*, the notorious Joshua R. Giddings, chairman of the Ohio Black Republican Central Committee. Forewarned, forearmed. Let every citizen of the District, who places any value upon the peace of the Union and his own safety, be constantly on the *qui vive*. Let Washington not be caught unawares by the incendiary ramification, the extent of which cannot be conjectured, as was Harper's Ferry. Revelations are making from day to day which are calculated to make every hair on the heads of well-disposed patriotic citizens stand on end."

On Monday, the *States* indulges in the following climax of blackguardism:

"We are curious to know—the public of Washington have a right, in behalf of their own safety, to know—whether the Black Republican Association in this District, as the central organization of the United States, is in correspondence with Joshua R. Giddings, chairman of the Central Committee of Ohio, and whether it is prepared to endorse his opinions and views? If it were to answer in the negative, it would prove its disgraceful existence. We are informed that, in Georgetown, there is not a resident who affiliates with Black Republicanism. Why should Washington be allowed to be the den of knaves, who scheme and concert for the ruin and ruin of everybody interested in its well being. Let the members of this league of conspirators against the capital and the State be marked by virtuous-minded men, and shunned as though they bore concealed daggers, ready and willing at any time to strike. Let the police be incessantly upon the look-out for John Browns who may repair hither in search of substantial aid for another Harper's Ferry massacre from this 'Association.'"

EMANCIPATION.—Hon. Francis P. Blair, of Missouri, a few days since, emancipated four slaves in the St. Louis court.

THE REVIEW.

The Minister's Wooing. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. New York: Derby & Jackson, 119 Nassau street. 1859.

It is a great misfortune for a writer to have once made a decided "hit," (a misfortune, however, which most writers would probably encounter with a very great degree of Christian resignation.) Mrs. Stowe, having once set the world on fire with Uncle Tom's Cabin, is expected to produce a similar conflagration every time she lights her candle; which, as the world can be burned up only once, will readily be seen to be a somewhat difficult operation.

We have never been able to recognize the propriety of this. Columbus made a voyage, and discovered a new continent. He made several voyages afterwards, but discovered no more continents. Yet Columbus was probably just as heroic, just as persevering, on his second and third, as on his first voyage; and more skillful, experienced, and wise.

A woman went down into the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and the sighing of the prisoner fell upon her ear—the wailing of them that sit in darkness—lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning—and her lips were touched with a living coal from off the altar. When she came back into the sweet upper air, her winged words of fire burned in to the heart of humanity, and the world knew, as it never knew before, that a fearful Crime, a great and bitter Sorrow, was smouldering in the bosom of our beloved Land—last-born, and fairest among the nations.

But such experiences come only once in a lifetime; and though they must undoubtedly make all subsequent experiences somewhat tame and trite, they ought not to be allowed to interfere with subsequent highest excellence—to make gold become dim—to change fine gold into base alloy.

Only once was Paul caught up into the third heaven to hear unutterable words; but afterwards he was in labors abundant, in stripes above measure, in prisons frequent, in deaths oft.

Mrs. Stowe will never write another Uncle Tom's Cabin. That point may as well be settled once for all; but we do protest against Uncle Tom's being cast into the teeth of every book she does write. It is simply impossible that any work of hers should ever again so stir the depths of our being. That was entirely novel, unexpected, and startling. The nonchalant public were taken aback. We were quietly going, one to his farm, another to his merchandise, when suddenly—something happened! Now, whenever it is announced that Mrs. Stowe has a new work in haud, we inevitably stop the machines, unyoke the oxen, and wait on tiptoe for something to happen again. Of course, we are disappointed.

"The first was living fire, the next a thrill;"

but it is not necessarily the fault of the writer, nor is it in fact anybody's fault. It is only a law of the human organization.

But it is a fault, if we attempt to decry the author—to lay at her door our own constitutional inability to be by her a second time unexpectedly spirited away in a frenzy of passion, laughter, and tears. What we mean to say is this: The book should be judged by its merits, and not by comparing the effects it produces on us, with the effects produced by her former work; because those effects were not owing solely to the manner in which she treated her theme, but in large measure to the theme itself, which fired and filled her, possessed itself of her genius, and changed her, for a time, from a large-hearted and clear-brained woman, to an inspired Pythoness.

What we mean to say is, secondly, this: The present book, and any which Mrs. Stowe shall in the future write, may or may not be as good, artistically and intellectually viewed, as her previous work. It may indicate a greater or a less degree of power—of native endowment, and careful culture; but we should be very cautious in pronouncing sentence, because, however conscientiously we may endeavor to let our "eyes look right" on, and our eye-lids straight before us," to this sole object, it is every way probable that a vague and misty "Cabin" will loom dimly behind it, endeavoring to distract our attention, and pervert our judgment; and the more sure we are that we are judging dispassionately, the more probable is it that we are not. Of all stubborn and rebellious, stiff-necked, and perverse individuals, your "man without prejudice" is the most so; for when a man is aware that he is sometimes in danger of letting his feelings override his reason, it is because he is prejudiced only in spots, and can discern betwixt the sound and the unsound; but the man who invariably boasts a "mind free from bias," is so encased in "wood and triple brass" that the truth cannot penetrate anywhere.

What we mean to say, thirdly, is—not highly complimentary to human nature, but—this: It is not flattering to our self-love to see a "sceptred hermit, wrapped in the solitude of his own originality," walking always on the mountain-tops, while we herd obscurely, by thousands, "down in the valley." Consequently, if we can by any means, fair or not very foul, change those mountain-tops from a range to a peak, we are very glad to do it. We can in some way account for, and explain, and therefore pardon, a sudden and short-lived elevation. It may be accidental, extraneous, abnormal, and does not therefore involve any disagreeable comparisons. But to move continually in a higher region, implies an innate, self-sustaining power, which contrasts unfavorably with our own weak dabblings in "mud and mire. *Hinc illae lachrymae.*

Having established these "three points," to our own satisfaction at least, we proceed to the remark that Mrs. Stowe, as is tolerably well known, has been for several months engaged in writing a novel, wherein the veritable Dr. Hopkins is served up as the principal hero, with Aaron Burr figuring as a side dish—a piece of audacity rising almost to the sublime, and to be justified only by a consciousness of "natural ability" on her part, of which in the beginning she was herself sole judge, but which has now passed into the hands of her thousands of readers.

The novel, completed, lies before us, and the matter of success or failure is an open question. Already we distinguish a faint rustling in the tops of the mulberry-trees. Already formidable arrays of dates have started up from their long hiding places in dingy, yellow-leaved tomes, to prove that Dr. Hopkins could not thus have lived, loved, and suffered, because he must have been too young or too old—about as sensible a difficulty as Tom Paine's argument against the inspiration of Scriptures, founded on an error in calculation; as if Ezra, Nehemiah, and those people, could not have added up a column of figures, even if they had been impostors; or as if the multiplication table were claimed to be a direct revelation from God, and the inheritance of His chosen people. It is probable that Mrs. Stowe made herself acquainted with the main facts in her hero's life before she undertook to write a book on the subject, if she has changed times and seasons, it is to be attributed to her "own sweet will," and not to her ignorance. We are not defending her doing so, but simply advancing our opinion that she knew what she was about, against the opinion of those who fancy themselves detecting her in unwitting and unpardonable anachronisms.

We have also heard the soughing of a venerable northeast wind against the theology which Mrs. Stowe has seen fit, directly or indirectly, to introduce into her book; coupled with a denouncement of Henry Ward Beecher's transgressions in the same quarter. Why Henry Ward should be lugged into a criticism of his sister's novel, or why every member of the Beecher family should be bruised for the iniquities of every other member, in addition to its own, is a problem which we have not yet been able to solve; but it is a way some people have of lumping things together; as certain schoolmasters reserve their ferulings till a goodly row of culprits is accumulated, and then dispatch the whole business at once; or, as the heathen have made no objections to Jonah in the whale's belly, till the missionary came to Shadrach, Meshach, and the red-hot, in the burning fiery furnace, which was quite too much for his weak faith. "But you must believe it," argued the good missionary; "the Bible says so, and it is wicked not to believe the Bible." "Don't care," persisted heathen, doggedly, "don't believe it, and don't believe that fish story nuther!"

Whether Dr. Hopkins, as he stands in this volume, is a portraiture or a creation, is a question which we do not propose to answer. We leave it for those who are better skilled than we in ecclesiastical lore. But we do know that here is limned a grand and loyal nature—a gnarlie rock, grim and ghastly where the shadows rest, but goldenly beautiful where the sunlight falls; seamed and scarred from base to summit, yet offering glad support to swaying vine and creeping moss on every southern slope; tenderly preserving, in a thousand hidden chalices of its deep heart, the heaven-sent dew, whereby to nourish the frail, sweet life of wind flower and violet, and blue-eyed gentian, that spring up in every sun-kissed cleft; and always, in shade or shine, bare-browed or vine-draped, presenting the same "lofty front sublime," to whatever waves may dash, whatever winds may howl.

The plot of the book is so slight that it can scarcely be said to have any plot; and there are undoubtedly blemishes; but we are not disposed to enter upon their discussion. To save trouble and our critical reputation, we are willing to agree to whatever objections may be brought against it, with the mental reservation, that, after all is said, the volume contains, in our opinion, wit, wisdom, eloquence, pathos, and poetry, enough to set up half a dozen ordinary books.

Perfectly to appreciate its exquisite flavor, it is necessary to have been born in New England. It is not merely human nature, but New England human nature, which is mirrored in these pages. There are beauties patent to every eye; but numberless, nameless tints and tones, the delicate aroma of the soil, no mere cosmopolitan can ever recognise. Mrs. Stowe deserves well of New England, present and future. She has caught and traced the already vanishing outlines of a life and a society which may, at no distant day, be among the things that were—and thousands can attest its loving truthfulness. She has not shrunk from picturing the hard, the positive, the abstract, the rigid, and the angular. She has not sought to chisel down the rugged features of a sublime though stern belief, that it might become acceptable to a flippant and shallow generation. She has presented it in all its gaunt yet not unattractive aspect. She has depicted a life wherein the invisible was the real—wherein faith was indeed the *substance* of things hoped for, the *evidence* of things not seen—a substance whereon the soul, feeding, should hunger no more—an evidence that, based on the heart's own consciousness, nothing could gainsay or resist. It was a life not to be understood except by those who participated in it—a life where the future projected itself into the present, till the merely present shrank and shrivelled into nothingness—yet a life that let no present duty go unfulfilled, because each present *duty* was clamped with iron bands to that vast, unseen, but not uncertain future.

The wisdom of to-day has a tendency to look back with a sneer upon the struggle, the doubt, the fear, and agony, and faith, of a past whose shoes' latchets it is not worthy to unloose. Puritan theology is, with some, a synonym for all that is coldly correct, harshly upright, repulsively moral, if not hypocritically devout. But this woman has shown how a stern theology can be impregnated with a more than magnetic attraction, and bring forth fruits of patience, long-suffering, peace, and joy—how thunders of Sinai may clothe the brow, while the heart melts with infinite compassion—how the positiveness of belief, the agony of conviction, only sharpen and intensify the affection—how logic the most severe can comport with love the most tender.

The individualism of the book is rich, and full, and glowing. The characters are no marble statues, elegantly described. They have breath and life. You do not so much see the cheek glow and pale, as you feel the heart throb and faint. There are warm flesh tints in all, from the fair Saxon sweetness of little Mary, to the tropical luxuriance of the great Candace. Many of them could have taken root only in New England soil. They live, and move, and have their being, only on her hill-sides. They are formed by her rugged rocks and her clear blue skies—by her long months of sheeted snow, and her short, palpitating summers. You will not find them in Newport now, but they "still live" among the mountains and in the heart of many a valley.

Of the nuggets of golden thought wherein the book abounds; of the throbs of genuine eloquence, born of sorrow and baptized in love; of the wit that gleams with a lambent light; of the flowers that spring, the airs that breathe, the birds that sing, through all these perfumed pages, we have no space to speak.

The publishers deserve the thanks of the public for the inviting, eye-refreshing style in which the book is printed.

Memoirs of Robert-Houdin, Ambassador, Author, and Conjurer. Written by Himself. Edited by Dr. S Shelton Mackenzie. Philadelphia: George G. Evans, Publisher, No. 439 Chesnut street. 1859.

Life of Col. David Crockett. Written by Himself. Comprising his Early Life, Hunting Adventures, Services Under General Jackson in the Creek War, Election-eering Speeches, Career in Congress, Triumphal Tour in the Northern States, and Services in the Texan War. To which is added, an Account of Col. Crockett's Glorious Death at the Alamo, while fighting in defence of Texas Independence. By the Editor. Philadelphia: Published by George G. Evans, No. 439 Chesnut street. 1859.

We have placed these two books together on the same principle which should guide men and women in making matrimonial arrangements, viz: likeness in generals, unlikeness in particulars. Each has the same end in view, but there is an intense individuality in the mode which each takes to accomplish it. Nationality is indubitably stamped on the faces of both. One is exceedingly French, the other extravagantly American; both have struck their roots deep down in their native soil, and both furnish incontestable proof, if proof were needed, that not only the poet, but the conjurer and adventurer, are born, not made.

For, to be courteous, and give precedence to the foreigner, M. Robert-Houdin, from the time when his school-boy experiment in hydraulics was at a stand-still, on account of the muscular weakness in the legs of the motive mouse, and his

"Whole soul exhaled into one want,"

and that want was—*a rat*—till the time when, a successful ambassador, full of years and honors, he returned from his triumphant African tour, and sought the quiet of St. Gervais—from first to last, he discovered not merely a bent but an acute-angled crook to the science and art of which he is the brightest ornament.

M. Robert-Houdin is thoroughly in earnest. Jugglery is no juggle to him. It was a providential interposition, not a bookseller's mistake, that placed in his hands two volumes of "Scientific Amusements" instead of the "Treatise on Clockmaking," for which he had inquired. It was a prescient gleam of coming glory that chased sleep from his eyes, set his brain on fire, and, after his candle had burned out, drove him, *sans culotte*, into the street, to try his first experiment at sleight of hand by spiriting away the municipal lamp for his own "personal and party" ends. An experiment which, by the by, resulted in a disastrous failure, and the destruction of his best Sunday hat into the bargain. It was the same providential interposition that nearly killed him with verdigris at Tours, sent him burning and frienzied with fever to Blois, and pitched him out of the stage coach on the way, head-foremost and insensible, into the arms and travelling show-house of Torrini, alias Count de Grisy. From beginning to end, Providence was continually interposing to prevent M. Robert-Houdin from vegetating in watch-making obscurity, and to set him on the pedestal of fame, the great High Priest of White Magic.

And providential interposition was successful; for assuredly, if lying can by any means be separated from moral obliquity, and elevated into a fine art, M. Robert-Houdin has done it. "I was fortunately born with an honest and upright heart, or this peculiar talent might have led me too far," he naively remarks, and we feel inclined to "say Amen to Mr. Burke." Indeed, throughout the book his naïveté and earnestness are readily amusing. Whether lying or stealing, it is all in the interests of that sublime science to which his life is devoted, never for sordid or selfish purposes; for M. Robert-Houdin is no mean and petty soul. A generous-hearted fellow is he, thrilled to the highest pitch of Gallic eloquence at the diamonds and duchesses that flash into his dazzled eyes at Fulham, but not disdaining to do his best before an audience of three in Hertford, and regale them with a punch supper afterwards. It was his art, his mistress, his love, at whose shrine he worshipped, and not the crowned heads that chose to survey her.

Once, indeed, M. Robert's astonishing powers were turned to good account. (If he were on this side of the water, we should not dare to say so, as the implication would draw down upon us we know not what wrath of *diablerie*.) The French Government, finding that the clumsy tricks of the Marabouts gave them too much influence over the Arabs, had the good sense to waive the Dr. Sangrado method of treatment, and adopt the *similima similibus curantur* principle. So, instead of cutting off Marabouts' heads, right and left, they sent M. Robert-Houdin among them, who soon took the wind out of their sails far more effectually.

The proprietor of an idle hour will find this book very entertaining.

But an idle hour is a thing which seems never to have been in the possession of Col. David Crockett, of Tennessee—no, if we may judge from his opinion of and advice to Thurlherig, would he have devoted it to M. Robert-Houdin if it had been. But though he could not keep four balls in the air and read a book at the same time, he could send one hundred and five balls straight to the hearts of as many bears during the course of a year, and that is enough for one man. In fact, these two exploits may be considered a type of the difference between the life and pursuits of the two men.

The style of Col. Crockett's book is unique, and the grammar adventuresome and experimental, like the author. Witness *climb*, whose past participle the brave Colonel cannot quite fix to his liking, and twists variously into *clim, clomb*, and *clum*. But, grammar or no grammar, he clim, clomb, and clum, from a little cabin in the backwoods of Tennessee, to a seat in the American Congress—a fact by which, it is easy to see, he himself set no small store. In good sooth, the energy of the man is seldom equalled, and the spirit of the book is in keeping. With a knowledge of books confined to the words that his mother taught him to sab and crucifix in the spelling-book, leaving the room precipitably, while he was "up" for elections lest he might disclose his ignorance of the meaning of "judiciary," he did, by force of will, directness of purpose, and downright honesty, aided indeed by a striking originality of thought and expression, till with honor a place in the nation's councils, received in his tour through the Northeastern States a full measure of public and private hospitality, and leave, at his death, a name and a memory not ignoble.

His backwoods adventures, whether in courting or fighting or running away, his perils by field, and flood, and ice, and snow, and bear, and panther, and Indian, the "rise and progress" of his political career, his not-attempted-to-be-concealed chagrin at its premature close, his oratorical dodges and dinners, the unfeigned enjoyment with which he accepts his lionization, the bravery, cheerfulness, and hope, which never forsook him, even in the death-struggle of the Alamo, are gathered here into a readable and instructive volume.

The book is not more egotistic than one should expect, nor more objectionable in point of taste than many that make far greater pretensions. The allusions to "the Government," (meaning Jackson,) "the deposites," "the little Flying Dutchman," &c., are thickly scattered through it, and only show how the thoughts and interests woven into the life and breath of one generation are but the fossil remains of the next. Let us learn a lesson.

Fiji and the Fijians. By Thomas Williams and James Calvert. New York: D. Appleton & Co. For sale by Taylor & Maury, Washington

The above volume is the result of the observations of the authors during a residence of many years in Fiji. To one who would have a thorough knowledge of the Fijians and their mode of living, this book will be indispensable. It gives all the facts previously known concerning these islands, with much new and valuable information, and presents the Fijian with all his virtues and vices, though, it must be confessed, the virtues do not weigh much in the balance. The details of the manners and customs are curious and interesting. In particular, we were struck by their very satisfactory method of settling private disputes, which only differs from the practice of duelling in this—that the survivor not only kills his opponent, but eats him too, which, after all, is only a more complete and compendious mode of disposing of one's enemies.

The compassionate and kind-hearted old lady, who, when her husband was struggling with painful disease, pressed a pillow upon his face, after which, to use her words, "the dear old man went off like a lamb," would have made a capital Fijian. In the Fiji Islands, if any one falls seriously sick, there are always two or three charitable neighbors prompt to offer their services in putting the sick man out of his misery, by strangulation or otherwise. Indeed, it is with difficulty their solicitations can be resisted, and if the invalid happens to be a relative, and in any danger of becoming a helpless burden upon their hands, he inevitably falls a victim to their disinterested kindness.

We would not be supposed to look with favorable eyes upon this custom; but if such were the practice in these United States, our sicklist would become wonderfully small. Miss B—, who is sure she is going into a decline, would not be so anxious to "air her skeleton," if, in any such event, she were conscious that her life would come to an untimely end through the kind offices of a sympathizing friend; and Mrs. F——, who has a constitutional aversion to anything suggestive of vigorous exercise, would be seen practicing most assiduously a complete course of gymnastics, under the eye of her husband, who, bow-string in hand, is ready to take advantage of any indication of weakness or indisposition.

In ancient times, the intermixture of swarms of barbarians from the northern hive with the effeminate inhabitants of the provinces, delayed for a long the fall of Rome. Who can tell what the engrafting of Fijian customs upon our republican institutions might effect!

Lessons from Jesus; or, Teachings of Divine Love. By William P. Ballard. New York: published by Sheldon & Co. 1 vol., pp. 321 Sold by Franck Taylor, Washington, D. C.

This little book is full of rich and pious thought, flowing out of a highly-cultivated mind—one whose soul has been enriched with all the lessons he would have others learn. It is the most attractive book of the kind that we have met with of late. The several chapters are enriched with illustrative poems, selected from the "Lyra Germanica." We commend it as a book full of the best thoughts expressed in the best manner.

Parties and their Principles. By Arthur Holmes. Pp. 304. New York: Appleton & Co. For sale by Taylor & Maury, Washington, D. C.

This book gives a clear and succinct account of the rise and fortunes of the various political parties which have existed in the United States. And though a complete history of the different struggles which have agitated the country from the first discussions in the Congress of the Confederation to the present time could scarce be expected in so small a space, yet Mr. Holmes has, with a very few exceptions, presented all the *leading* features of the succession of contests between the great political parties of the United States. An appendix, containing, among other important papers, the Ordinance of 1787, Territories organized and States admitted since the formation of the Constitution, a brief statement of the condition of public lands, railroad and swamp lands, &c., make the book of special importance to those who would have a convenient manual of reference.

DOMESTIC SUMMARY.

THE INSURGENT PRISONERS AT CHARLESTOWN.—Governor Wise to the Mayor of Governor.—*Charlestown, Oct.* 30.—This evening, the United Guard, of Frederick, under command of Capt. Sinn, reached here from Harper's Ferry, and requested to see the prisoners. They were admitted by authority of Judge Parker, going in by squads. They first visited the cell of Brown and Stevens. Brown was in good spirits. He rose from his couch, and took the visitors by the hand, remarking, "Gentlemen, I am glad to see you."

In reply to questions put to him, he said he was still suffering some pain about the left kidney. He said he was treated with all humanity, and bore testimony to the efficiency of the volunteer surgeon, Mr. Taylor. Capt. Sinn bore a manly and truthful manner in which he had testified here, and said he would always recollect him for his many noble traits of character.

During the conversation, he took occasionally played with the little children of the jailer, who were present. He remarked that he had fought on the frontiers in the war of 1812, and during his life had encountered many hardships, and knew how to bear them. Stevens was suffering much, but is still getting better. He shook all the company by the hand.

Coppee said he was prepared to bear his fate like a man, and told Capt. Sinn that he should want him to live long enough to see what Sinn promised to do. All stated that they were well treated.

Capt. Cooke's cell was not entered. He has been all day busily engaged writing, and is understood to be preparing a full confession, by the advice of Gov. Willard, in the hope of a pardon. During the night, the jail was surrounded by a large crowd, but good order prevailed.

C. Hoyt, the prisoner's counsel, was quite ill last night, but is better to-day.

DEATH OF AN EX-GOVERNOR.—*Memphis, Oct.* 29.—Ex-Governor James C. Jones died in this city to-day.

FROM THE PLAINS.—*St. Louis, Oct.* 29.—A dispatch received here says that the Salt Lake mail of the 7th instant reached Atchison yesterday.

A party of emigrants, numbering seventeen, from Buchanan county, Iowa, were attacked by Indians, near Kinney's Cutoff, and Mr. Kline, Mr. Mitsmon, his wife and six children, were killed. Mittimon's wife and six children were spared, and can discern betwixt the sound and the unsound; but the man who invariably boasts a "mind free from bias," is so encased in "wood and triple brass" that the truth cannot penetrate anywhere.

What we mean to say, thirdly, is—not highly complimentary to human nature, but—this: It is not flattering to our self-love to see a "sceptred hermit, wrapped in the solitude of his own originality," walking always on the mountain-tops, while we herd obscurely, by thousands, "down in the valley." Consequently, if we can by any means, fair or not very foul, change those mountain-tops from a range to a peak, we are very glad to do it. We can in some way account for, and explain, and therefore pardon, a sudden and short-lived elevation. It may be accidental, extraneous, abnormal, and does not therefore involve any disagreeable comparisons. But to move continually in a higher region, implies an innate, self-sustaining power, which contrasts unfavorably with our own weak dabblings in "mud and mire. *Hinc illae lachrymae.*

Having established these "three points," to our own satisfaction at least, we proceed to the remark that Mrs. Stowe, as is tolerably well known, has been for several months engaged in writing a novel, wherein the veritable Dr. Hopkins is served up as the principal hero, with Aaron Burr figuring as a side dish—a piece of audacity rising almost to the sublime, and to be justified only by a consciousness of "natural ability" on her part, of which in the beginning she was herself sole judge, but which has now passed into the hands of her thousands of readers.

The novel, completed, lies before us, and the matter of success or failure is an open question. Already we distinguish a faint rustling in the tops of the mulberry-trees. Already formidable arrays of dates have started up from their long hiding places in dingy, yellow-leaved tomes, to prove that Dr. Hopkins could not thus have lived, loved, and suffered, because he must have been too young or too old—about as sensible a difficulty as Tom Paine's argument against the inspiration of Scriptures, founded on an error in calculation; as if Ezra, Nehemiah, and those people, could not have added up a column of figures, even if they had been impostors; or as if the multiplication table were claimed to be a direct revelation from God, and the inheritance of His chosen people. It is probable that Mrs. Stowe made herself acquainted with the main facts in her hero's life before she undertook to write a book on the subject, if she has changed times and seasons, it is to be attributed to her "own sweet will," and not to her ignorance. We are not defending her doing so, but simply advancing our opinion that she knew what she was about, against the opinion of those who fancy themselves detecting her in unwitting and unpardonable anachronisms.

We have also heard the soughing of a venerable northeast wind against the theology which Mrs. Stowe has seen fit, directly or indirectly, to introduce into her book; coupled with a denouncement of Henry Ward Beecher's transgressions in the same quarter. Why Henry Ward should be lugged into a criticism of his sister's novel, or why every member of the Beecher family should be bruised for the iniquities of every other member, in addition to its own, is a problem which we have not yet been able to solve; but it is a way some people have of lumping things together; as certain schoolmasters reserve their ferulings till a goodly row of culprits is accumulated, and then dispatch the whole business at once; or, as the heathen have made no objections to Jonah in the whale's belly, till the missionary came to Shadrach, Meshach, and the red-hot, in the burning fiery furnace, which was quite too much for his weak faith. "But you must believe it," argued the good missionary; "the Bible says so, and it is wicked not to believe the Bible." "Don't care," persisted heathen, doggedly, "don't believe it, and don't believe that fish story nuther!"

Whether Dr. Hopkins, as he stands in this volume, is a portraiture or a creation, is a question which we do not propose to answer. We leave it for those who are better skilled than we in ecclesiastical lore. But we do know that here is limned a grand and loyal nature—a gnarlie rock, grim and ghastly where the shadows rest, but goldenly beautiful where the sunlight falls; seamed and scarred from base to summit, yet offering glad support to swaying vine and creeping moss on every southern slope; tenderly preserving, in a thousand hidden chalices of its deep heart, the heaven-sent dew, whereby to nourish the frail, sweet life of wind flower and violet, and blue-eyed gentian, that spring up in every sun-kissed cleft; and always, in shade or shine, bare-browed or vine-draped, presenting the same "lofty front sublime," to whatever waves may dash, whatever winds may howl.

The plot of the book is so slight that it can scarcely be said to have any plot; and there are undoubtedly blemishes; but we are not disposed to enter upon their discussion. To save trouble and our critical reputation, we are willing to agree to whatever objections may be brought against it, with the mental reservation, that, after all is said, the volume contains, in our opinion, wit, wisdom, eloquence, pathos, and poetry, enough to set up half a dozen ordinary books.

Perfectly to appreciate its exquisite flavor, it is necessary to have been born in New England. It is not merely human nature, but New England human nature, which is mirrored in these pages. There are beauties patent to every eye; but numberless, nameless tints and tones, the delicate aroma of the soil, no mere cosmopolitan can ever recognise. Mrs. Stowe deserves well of New England, present and future. She has caught and traced the already vanishing outlines of a life and a society which may, at no distant day, be among the things that were—and thousands can attest its loving truthfulness. She has not shrunk from picturing the hard, the positive, the abstract, the rigid, and the angular. She has not sought to chisel down the rugged features of a sublime though stern belief, that it might become acceptable to a flippant and shallow generation. She has presented it in all its gaunt yet not unattractive aspect. She has depicted a life wherein the invisible was the real—wherein faith was indeed the *substance* of things hoped for, the *evidence* of things not seen—a substance whereon the soul, feeding, should hunger no more—an evidence that, based on the heart's own consciousness, nothing could gainsay or resist. It was a life not to be understood except by those who participated in it—a life where the future projected itself into the present, till the merely present shrank and shrivelled into nothingness—yet a life that let no present duty go unfulfilled, because each present *duty* was clamped with iron bands to that vast, unseen, but not uncertain future.

The wisdom of to-day has a tendency to look back with a sneer upon the struggle, the doubt, the fear, and agony, and faith, of a past whose shoes' latchets it is not worthy to unloose. Puritan theology is, with some, a synonym for all that is coldly correct, harshly upright, repulsively moral, if not hypocritically devout. But this woman has shown how a stern theology can be impregnated with a more than magnetic attraction, and bring forth fruits of patience, long-suffering, peace, and joy—how thunders of Sinai may clothe the brow, while the heart melts with infinite compassion—how the positiveness of belief, the agony of conviction, only sharpen and intensify the affection—how logic the most severe can comport with love the most tender.

The individualism of the book is rich, and full, and glowing. The characters are no marble statues, elegantly described. They have breath and life. You do not so much see the cheek glow and pale, as you feel the heart throb and faint. There are warm flesh tints in all, from the fair Saxon sweetness of little Mary, to the tropical luxuriance of the great Candace. Many of them could have taken root only in New England soil. They live, and move, and have their being, only on her hill-sides. They are formed by her rugged rocks and her clear blue skies—by her long months of sheeted snow, and her short, palpitating summers. You will not find them in Newport now, but they "still live" among the mountains and in the heart of many a valley.

Of the nuggets of golden thought wherein the book abounds; of the throbs of genuine eloquence, born of sorrow and baptized in love; of the wit that gleams with a lambent light; of the flowers that spring, the airs that breathe, the birds that sing, through all these perfumed pages, we have no space to speak.

The publishers deserve the thanks of the public for the inviting, eye-refreshing style in which the book is printed.

Memoirs of Robert-Houdin, Ambassador, Author, and Conjurer. Written by Himself. Edited by Dr. S Shelton Mackenzie. Philadelphia: George G. Evans, Publisher, No. 439 Chesnut street. 1859.

Life of Col. David Crockett. Written by Himself. Comprising his Early Life, Hunting Adventures, Services Under General Jackson in the Creek War, Electioneering Speeches, Career in Congress, Triumphal Tour in the Northern States, and Services in the Texan War. To which is added, an Account of Col. Crockett's Glorious Death at the Alamo, while fighting in defence of Texas Independence. By the Editor. Philadelphia: Published by George G. Evans, No. 439 Chesnut street. 1859.

We have placed these two books together on the same principle which should guide men and women in making matrimonial arrangements, viz: likeness in generals, unlikeness in particulars. Each has the same end in view, but there is an intense individuality in the mode which each takes to accomplish it. Nationality is indubitably stamped on the faces of both. One is exceedingly French, the other extravagantly American; both have struck their roots deep down in their native soil, and both furnish incontestable proof, if proof were needed, that not only the poet, but the conjurer and adventurer, are born, not made.

For, to be courteous, and give precedence to the foreigner, M. Robert-Houdin, from the time when his school-boy experiment in hydraulics was at a stand-still, on account of the muscular weakness in the legs of the motive mouse, and his

"Whole soul exhaled into one want,"

and that want

WASHINGTON, D. C.

SPEECH OF GOV. WISE AT RICHMOND.

The following is the material portion of the speech of Governor Wise on his return to Richmond from Harper's Ferry. It will be read with interest:

When we arrived at Harper's Ferry, I found that there had been double more than simple force. The gallant volunteers of Jefferson were the first on the ground, and soon after them the noble men of Berkeley were there. Farmers with single and double barrel shot guns, and with plantation rifles, were there. The people, with arms and without arms, rushed to the scene. For what? What had happened? What summoned them to shoulder musket and snatch weapons as they could? What had disturbed their peace? What threatened their safety and their firesides? Alas! to the disgrace of the nation—not of Virginia—to repel all imputation upon her—but to the disgrace of—*some body—fourteen white ruffians and five negroes had been permitted to take the United States Arsenal, with all its arms and treasure, and to hold it for twenty-four hours, so that Virginia, Ice of America, Harper's Ferry, on the confines of two slave States, with the avowed object of emancipating their slaves*, at every hazard, and the very perpetration of the seizure and imprisonment of the inhabitants, and of robbery and murder and treason.

You will indignantly ask: How could such outrage and disgrace be brought upon a country like this, strong as it is in everything? I will briefly inform you. Congress had, by displaced the regular army from the superintendence of its own arms, as if it was unworthy of the trust of its own affairs, and its officers very naturally turned away in disgust from giving attention to this Arsenal. A civilian superintendent was placed in charge; and I know the gentleman, a Virginian, is as worthy of it as any civilian can be. He was absent on official duty at Springfield, Illinois. I have great confidence that had he been at the Arsenal he could not have been captured and held as it was. And I do not mean to go into the dispute or question, whether civil or military superintendence is most proper over a manufacturing and arsenal of arms. But this I do say, emphatically and indignantly, that whether the superintendence was civil or military, *there ought to have been an organized and sufficient military guard there; and there was nothing of the kind. There was no watch even worth naming, and no guard at all.* Thus, an Arsenal, which ought to be a depot of arms and munitions of defence, for the citizens at all times to flee to for means of protection, became a depot for depredation to assail us, and a positive danger to our people. It would be better for Virginia and Maryland to have the Arsenal removed from their borders, than to allow it thus to become a danger by being left unguarded. This last evening there was not responsible for a military guard. The question, who is responsible? I leave to the proper Executive authorities of the United States. By the grossest negligence somewhere—which it is not my duty to look after or to correct, except to proclaim it and complain of it, for the sake of the protection due to our own people—nineteen lawless men have seized the Arsenal, with its arms and spoils, and have imprisoned and robbed our citizens and our inhabitants! How? you eagerly inquire. Ever since the border war in Kansas ceased, and the Abolition ruffians there were dishanded, their leader has been organizing this invasion. He held a Convention, it seems, at Chatham, Canada West, within a year past, and formed what they call a provisional government, with its President, Vice President, Secretary of State, Secretary of War, Treasurer, &c., with its Supreme Court, its Congress, and its Commander-in-chief.

The notorious chief of bandits in Kansas, John Brown, the terror of Osawatomie and Pottawatomie, was appointed Commander-in-chief, and he and his sons and other agents permeated the whole country, and corresponded in all its parts. They traversed Ohio, Missouri, Iowa, Canada, Pennsylvania, New York, New England, Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee. In these, particularly, and in other States, they had emissaries collecting funds, enlisting men, taking the census actually of slaves, preparing arms and munitions of war, looking out for depots, and spying out the weak points for attack.

About June of this year, Brown, under the name of John Smith, rented what is called the Kennedy farm, within six miles of Harper's Ferry. There, and thereabouts, at various times, he collected two hundred Sharpe's rifles, two hundred revolver-pistols, some number of other odd arms, among the rest a large rifle on a pivot, carrying a two-ounce ball in form of a bullet, requiring a long distance to overshoot, spears, about eight feet long, with a blade ten inches long, about two inches wide, "*jagged sharp*" on both edges, sharp pointed, cut and thrust, with a hilt, and a turned shaft of hickory, with a ferrule at the end of the shaft, to let it fit into the wood, and a screw through the ferule and wood and shaft of the blade. These spears were obviously made for the hands of negroes, to do the butchery of servile insurrection. Besides these implements of war, a quantity of clothing, wearing apparel and bedclothing, a store of surgical instruments, lint, medicines, and the minutest preparation and provision of all kinds. At no time had he more than twenty-two men, and on the night of Sabbath last (the 16th inst.) he invaded the county of Jefferson and Harper's Ferry with but nineteen men—fourteen white men and five negroes—one of the latter from Canada, one born in North Carolina, and four from Ohio. These men came, few as they were, from far distant points—from Essex county, New York; from Norwich, Connecticut; from Harrisburgh, Pennsylvania; from Ohio and Ashtabula, Ohio; and from Canada and other places. They transported their arms through Pittsburg to Chambersburg—a man named Hearne being their chief agent—and at the latter place concentrated, and thence moved to the Kennedy farm in Maryland. There they had been for some six or eight weeks.

During the time these preparations were on foot, they kept a man named John E. Cooke at Harper's Ferry, or near it, sometimes teaching school in Maryland, across the Potomac, opposite the Arsenal. He had married at Harper's Ferry, and his wife's mother and brother lived there, and he spent much of his time there. He was in constant communication with the slaves of the surrounding country, took a census of them, and was thoroughly informed of everything about the Arsenal. The plan of operations, with all its opportunity and information, was easily formed and executed.

On the night of the 16th, armed with rifles and revolvers, the nineteen men, about one o'clock, entered the town, put out the lights, cut the telegraph wires, and stationed thirteen men to arrest the inhabitants as they should appear in the morning, one by one and two by two, unsuspicious of danger, and unarmed, and to imprison them in the storehouse of the public iron gates. Six of the men, Capt. Stephens at their head, went four miles into the county of Jefferson, and took Col. Washington and Mr. Alstadt from their beds, placed them and their male slaves in a four-horse wagon, and drove the masters prisoners to Harper's Ferry.

Cooke, one of the men of this expedition, drove the wagon and slaves across the Potomac into Maryland, to bring in the spears and other arms they had left in their depot, to prevent them from falling into the hands of the troops or people who might come to attack them. They did not need the arms, for they had captured the Arsenal, but they had come to prevent them falling into the hands of the unarmed country people. Thus, when Monday morning dawned, they had fully open the desperate campaign. They shot a poor negro on the bridge; they had stopped the cars going eastward, and detained it for hours; they had cut the telegraph wires; had captured Washington and Alstadt and their slaves, four miles off in the country; had sent Cooke and the slaves to bring in their arms; and had taken prisoners the operatives of the Arsenal and inhabitants of the town, and to shoot down the most respectable men, Beckham and Turner, who resisted their violence. The news of this flew to the country around.

The volunteers of Jefferson, with Cols. Baylor and Gibson, rushed to the scene, and soon came the men of Berkeley, unorganized, in working-day dress, and without arms or ammunition, supposing they could get arms and fixed ammunition at the Arsenal; but when they got there, they found all the arms and munitions in the hands of the marauders. But, with what arms they had, they attacked them, and some seven of them were wounded; but they killed and wounded several of the enemy. They could have stormed and taken them in an hour, but they were anxious for the lives and safety of their neighbors and friends, who were under the muzzles and knives of the ruffians, and they were restrained by their apprehension that they might be slaughtered by the desperadoes. By this hesitation, they allowed the insurgents to hold the Arsenal all day Monday, the following night, that gallant and noble Virginian, Colonel Robert Lee, worthy of any service on earth, arrived with his regular corps of marines. He waited for Ogle, then wounded the assault, in State pride, to the Virginia volunteers who were there. Their feelings for the prisoners made them decline the risk of slaying their own friends, and Lee could not delay a moment to retake the Arsenal, punish the impudent invaders, and release the prisoners at the necessary risk of their own lives. His gallantry was mortified that the task was so easy. He saw a United States Arsenal in the possession of bandits, from the superintendent of which his profession had been ejected; and he felt the regular army and his native State were alike dishonored. With mortification and chagrin, inexpressible, he picked twelve marines, and took the engine house where the prisoners, the loss of one marine killed and one wounded, without hurting a hair of one of the prisoners. And now I say to you, that I would have given my arm to its shoulder, for that feat to have been performed by the volunteers of Virginia on Monday before the marines arrived there. But there was no cowardice or panic on the part of the inhabitants who were made prisoners, or on the part of the volunteers who first reached the spot. They first were bombarded by surprise; they were caught, unsuspecting and unarmed, and knew not what to make of the extraordinary thing; they could not, at first, conceive what it meant.

They, more than 100 of them, were prisoners before they realized the purpose of the invaders, and then they could not ascertain their numbers, and could not but believe that they were in very considerable force to attempt so daring an act, and so desperate a purpose, who had but few arms, no cartridges, and no training, and who were wholly ignorant of the force they had to overcome, and who felt for their neighbors and friends, the prisoners, with great anxiety, for fear that they would unnecessarily Turner and Beckham had been shot down. They vigorously plied their fire-arms, and made one assault, and retired only after sustaining severe volleys of balls from rifles securely entrenched behind brick walls densely loaded to receive them, while they were without any artillery, or means of battering doors or walls. The prisoners were the walls of the marauders, stronger and more impenetrable than bricks and mortar. They loved Washington, and Alstadt, and Mills, and other prisoners, and would not risk *their* lives. This was wrong, but natural, and not cowardly. I chided them for their misfortune, but not for their fault. I would have in time, I would have stormed the stronghold in the shortest possible time; and that if Gen. George Washington had been one of the prisoners, and even his life had been imperilled by the attack, it should not have been delayed five minutes. The lives outside, in this case, were as precious as the lives inside of the prison; and to prove that it was not inhumanity to risk the lives of the prisoners, I would have gladly risked my own life to rescue them, and I regarded of their lives and my own, such was my sense of degradation at allowing these marauders to hold that Arsenal, with its prisoners, for five minutes. I would not have parleyed with them a moment, would not have parleyed with my own kin.

I would proudly have risked my life to have gotten my guard there in time, and to have taken the place with our own Virginia boys. I was ready to weep when I found the whole force overcome by such inferior force. Fifteen men, and the Virginia volunteers had not captured them before Col. Lee arrived!

But, my fellow-citizens, you must not imagine that this invasion was so insignificant, or that Commander Brown was unhanged, because this force was so small. His force, small as it was, was large enough to divide, to penetrate a sleeping country around, and to take a United States Arsenal, with all its arms. Taking these, his expectation was to be joined immediately by hundreds and thousands of whites and blacks; and his purpose was to turn the arms of the United States, which he had captured, on the slaveholders of Maryland and Virginia. In this consisted the concentrated and fatal error. The negroes rose up to seize the arms he had captured. The negroes he had captured, as soon as they crossed the river with Cooke, and got out of his wagon, ran back in trepidation to the Kennedy farm, and left Brown and his band, and all of Mr. Washington's but one—his carriage-driver—the negro who drove the wagon into town when his master was made prisoner; they were anxious for the lives and safety of their neighbors and friends, who were under the muzzles and knives of the ruffians, and they were restrained by their apprehension that they might be slaughtered by the desperadoes. By this hesitation, they allowed the insurgents to hold the Arsenal all day Monday, the following night, that gallant and noble Virginian, Colonel Robert Lee, worthy of any service on earth, arrived with his regular corps of marines. He waited for Ogle, then wounded the assault, in State pride, to the Virginia volunteers who were there. Their feelings for the prisoners made them decline the risk of slaying their own friends, and Lee could not delay a moment to retake the Arsenal, punish the impudent invaders, and release the prisoners at the necessary risk of their own lives. His gallantry was mortified that the task was so easy. He saw a United States Arsenal in the possession of bandits, from the superintendent of which his profession had been ejected; and he felt the regular army and his native State were alike dishonored. With mortification and chagrin, inexpressible, he picked twelve marines, and took the engine house where the prisoners, the loss of one marine killed and one wounded, without hurting a hair of one of the prisoners. And now I say to you, that I would have given my arm to its shoulder, for that feat to have been performed by the volunteers of Virginia on Monday before the marines arrived there. But there was no cowardice or panic on the part of the inhabitants who were made prisoners, or on the part of the volunteers who first reached the spot. They first were bombarded by surprise; they were caught, unsuspecting and unarmed, and knew not what to make of the extraordinary thing; they could not, at first, conceive what it meant.

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From the Baltimore American.

CHARGE OF JUDGE PARKER TO THE GRAND JURY.

The following is the charge of Judge Parker to the grand jury of Jefferson county, Virginia, just made:

Gentlemen of the Jury: In the state of excitement into which our whole community has been thrown by the recent occurrences in this county, I feel that the charge which I usually deliver to a grand jury would be entirely out of place.

These occurrences cannot but force themselves upon your attention. They must necessarily occupy a considerable portion of that time which you will devote to your public duties as a grand jury. However guilty the unfortunate men who now in the hands of justice may prove to be, still they cannot be called upon to answer to the offended laws of our Commonwealth for any of the multifarious crimes with which they are charged, until a grand jury, after "dignified" inquiry, shall decide that there are witnesses they be put upon their trial.

I will not permit myself to give expression to any of those feelings which at once springs up in every breast, when reflecting upon the enormity of the crime of those misguided men who invade by force a peaceful, unsuspecting portion of our common country, raise the standard of insurrection amongst us, and shoot down without mercy Virginia citizens defending their firesides and their homes. I must, I must remember, gentlemen, that, as a minister of justice, bound to execute our laws faithfully, and in the very spirit of Justice herself, *I must, as an impartial judge, administer the laws, as the law holds, that he is innocent until he shall be proved guilty by an honest, an independent, and an impartial jury of his countrymen.* And what is obligatory upon me is equally binding upon you, and whatever feelings may be connected with the prosecution and trial of these offenders, in these cases, as in all others, you will be controlled by that oath which each of you have taken, and in which you have solemnly sworn that you will diligently inquire into all offences which may be brought to your knowledge, and that "you will present no one through ill will," as well as "that you will leave no one unpresented through fear or favor, and that you will truly present all things as they are, and nothing but the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." Do but this, gentlemen, and you will have fulfilled your whole duty. *Go beyond this, and investigation of diligent inquiry and calm investigation' which you have sworn to make, act upon prejudice or from excitement of passion, and you will have done a wrong to that law in whose service you are engaged.*

I before said, these prisoners now in the hands of justice. *They are to have a fair and an impartial trial.* We owe it to the cause of justice, as well as to our own characters, that such a trial should be afforded them. If guilty, they will be sure of the condemnation and punishment of their guilt, and the example of punishment, when thus inflicted by virtue of law, will be beyond all comparison more efficacious for our future protection than any torture to which we can resort out of the ordinary course.

Whether, then, we be in public or private position, let each one of us remember that as the law has the charge of these alleged offenders, the law alone, through its recognised agents, must deal with them in the last. *I do not tolerate no interference by others with duties it has assumed to itself.* If true to herself, and true she will be, our Commonwealth, through her courts of justice, will be as ready to punish those who violate her ordinances as she is to punish these grave and serious offences with which she is now about to deal—in case these offences be proved by legal testimony to have been perpetrated. Let us all, gentlemen, bear this in mind, and in patience await the result—confident that that result will be whatever strict and impartial justice shall determine to be necessary and proper.

I have said, gentlemen, and yet I speak from no evidence, but upon vague rumors which have reached me, that these men, who have thrown themselves upon us, confidently expected to be joined by our slaves and free negroes, and to inflict the banner of insurrection, and invited this class of our citizens to rally under it. And yet, I am told, they are unable to obtain a single recruit.

SLAVERY IN MISSOURI.—The New Orleans *Bulletin*, quoting a paragraph which has been accusatively quoted, that "the decrease to the decrease of Slavery in Missouri, says:

"This corresponds with what a Missouri correspondent of the *Weekly Mirror* says in reference to the same subject, and tallies with the great current of events in that part of the country. It accords with the theory that we years ago advanced, that not only Missouri, but Kentucky, Virginia, Maryland, and Delaware, will gradually become free States. The evidences of the truth of this proposition are in process of perpetual development. The result mentioned is merely a question of time. Its realization may be a few years earlier or a few years later, according to circumstances; but, in our judgment, it can no more be slaved off finally than the revolutions of the seasons can be prevented. He who cannot discern the workings of the causes that will surely bring about this upshot of the matter is blinded by the thick film of his own prejudices and passions."

We gather from letters published in the Richmond *Whig*, of the 29th ultimo, the following statements: A letter dated Harper's Ferry, 25th, that paper, who is on the spot, states that the number of the insurrectionary negroes had been greatly exaggerated, but that it was hardly within the power of rumor itself to exaggerate their atrocities; whole families—father, mother, daughter, sons, sucking babes, and school children—were butchered by them, thrown into heaps, and left to be devoured by hogs and dogs, or to putrify on the spot. Mr. Levi Walter's, his wife and ten children were murdered. He himself was absent, but, approaching while the dreadful scene was acting, was pursued, and escaped with difficulty into a neighbor's house. Whoever the slaves may be connected with the prosecution and trial of these offenders, in these cases, as in all others, you will be controlled by that oath which each of you have taken, and in which you have solemnly sworn that you will diligently inquire into all offences which may be brought to your knowledge, and that "you will present no one through ill will," as well as "that you will leave no one unpresented through fear or favor, and that you will truly present all things as they are, and nothing but the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." Do but this, gentlemen, and you will have fulfilled your whole duty. *Go beyond this, and investigation of diligent inquiry and calm investigation' which you have sworn to make, act upon prejudice or from excitement of passion, and you will have done a wrong to that law in whose service you are engaged.*

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I have said, gentlemen, and yet I speak from no evidence, but upon vague rumors which have reached me, that these men, who have thrown themselves upon us, confidently expected to be joined by our slaves and free negroes, and to inflict the banner of insurrection, and invited this class of our citizens to rally under it. And yet, I am told, they are unable to obtain a single recruit.

THE SOUTHAMPTON TRAGEDY—NEGRO OUTBREAK IN 1831.

The recent plot at Harper's Ferry recalls attention to previous disturbances of a similar character in this country, the most noted of which was the Southampton tragedy of 1831. It was described as follows by one of the editors of the Norfolk *Herald:*

Norfolk, Aug. 24, 1831.—I have a horrible and heart-rending tale to relate, and lest even its worst feature should be distorted by rumor and exaggeration, I have thought it proper to give you all, and the worst information that has as yet reached us through the best sources of intelligence which the nature of the case will admit.

A gentleman arrived here yesterday express from Suffolk, with intelligence from the upper part of Southampton county, stating that a band of insurgent slaves (some of them believed to be runaways from the neighboring swamps) had turned out on Sunday night last, and murdered several whole families, amounting to forty or fifty individuals. Some of the families were named, and among them was the wife of Mr. Catherine Whitehead, sister of our worthy townsman, Dr. N. C. Whitehead, who, with her son and five daughters, fell a sacrifice to the savage ferocity of these demons in human shape.

The insurrection was represented as one of a most alarming character, though it is believed to have originated only in a design to plunder, and not with a view to a more important object—as Mrs. Whitehead, a very aged lady, was supposed to have had a large sum of money in her house. Unfortunately, a large number of the effective male population was absent at a camp-meeting in Gates county, some miles off, a circumstance which gave a temporary security to the brigands in the perpetration of their hatcheries, and the panic which they struck at the moment prevented the assembling of a force sufficient to check their career.

As soon as this intelligence was received, our authorities met, and decided on making an immediate application to Colonel House, commanding at Fortress Monroe, who, at six o'clock this morning, embarked a party of the steamer Hampton, with three companies and a piece of artillery, for Suffolk. These troops were reinforced in the roads by detachments from the United States ships Warren and Natchez, the whole amounting to nearly three hundred men.

To-day another express arrived from Suffolk, confirming the disastrous news of the preceding one, and adding still more to the number of the slain. The insurgents are believed to have from 150 to 150 more on their side than when the last number on foot. They are armed with fowling pieces, clubs, &c., and have had a rencontre with a small number of the militia, who killed six, and took eight of them prisoners. They are said to be on their way to South Quay, probably making their way for the Dismal Swamp, in which they will be able to remain for a short time in security. For my part, I have no fears of their doing much further mischief. There is very little disaffection in the slaves generally, and they cannot muster a force sufficient to effect any object of importance. The few who have thus rushed headlong into the arena will be shot down like crows, or compelled to surrender at discretion. Also Water, together with several Bath rooms, for warm, cold, and shower baths. A Barber shop and the usual number of other out-buildings, with a good garden, are attached to the premises.

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